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Two 'square' denizens
 of the junkie world

In this issue there is a picture essay and article about the life of two young drug addicts—as they themselves see it. This is the first of a two-part series on narcotics in the U.S.; the second part, which appears next week, will deal with what is, is not and should be being done about it. Jim Mills (an Associate Editor of LIFE) wrote both instalments. The pictures were taken by Bill Eppridge.

Mills spent two weeks making the rounds with detectives of New York City's Narcotics Bureau. Then, having learned some of the ropes, he made contact with two addicts, Karen and John, and for two solid months he and Eppridge spent virtually every waking hour with them. "When I say 'solid,'" says Mills, "I mean something like 20 hours a day, seven days a week. Junkies never seem to sleep." All this depended, of course, on winning the addicts' confidence. Mills and Eppridge found, for one thing, that addicts have no desire to be bothered by "squares" (nonusers). The addict is always high on heroin or obsessed with getting more, and squares simply waste his time. They also found that the addict loses all respect for a square he can "cut" out of something. Mills could be "conned" out of nothing, and after a time he and Eppridge gained their respect.

Once accepted, Mills and Eppridge became denizens of the junkie world. They learned the language, which they had to speak with meticulous care or be branded as outsiders. They picked up some of the junkies' uncanny ability to spot a "narc" (narcotics detective). They talked for hours on park benches and street corners with addicts waiting to make "connections," and they frequented fleabag hotels, three of which unerringly threw them out. Eppridge, in fact, came so much to look the part that he was picked up by the narcotics in a hotel lobby; they thought he had stolen both his cameras and LIFE credentials and were about to haul him off when Mills (who looks more like a cop) came up to straighten things out. But never in their adventures were they troubled by the junkies themselves and both became good—if sad—friends of Karen and John.

Not one of Eppridge's pictures is posed. Why did John and Karen act so freely in his presence? The answer, says Mills, is that "they enjoyed their role. For once they could savor the reversal of the teacher-student, judge-defendant, do-gooder-addict relationship they had always known. For once, they were the figures of authority. For the first time, they were the front end of the hyphen, and the squares were the students."

Another question: would not these pictures betray them to the police? They are both known addicts with jail sentences behind them. That the pictures would be seen by police bothered them not a bit. Their only worry was that the pictures might bother "pushers" who might then hesitate to sell them drugs.



JAMES MILLS

George P. Hunt
 GEORGE P. HUNT
 Managing Editor

This One



Ominous Laughs in Dag's Cracked Mirror

The bizarre self-gelding of this session of the General Assembly, which has been trying to adjourn without having taken a single vote, marks the low point in the 19-year history of the United Nations.

The crisis has even brought into question the U.N.'s right and power to survive in its present form. De Gaulle has proposed that the five permanent members and chief founders of the U.N. (U.S., U.K., U.S.S.R., France and China) should go back to 1945 and start all over, this time with a new Peking not even a member, speaking for China. A Nationalist Chinese organ says "the U.N. has almost outlived its usefulness." The leading Communist of Indonesia calls it "a garbage heap," Indonesia having resigned.

This is not the U.N.'s first crisis, nor probably its last. For 19 years the U.N. has been either too naively counted on or too soon counted out. Dag Hammarskjöld used to defend it from friends and foes alike by calling it just a reflection of world realities, "an increasingly accurate mirror of the hopes as well as the strains of 20th Century life." Why blame the glass for the image? If Afro-Asian delegates talk anticolonial nonsense, they nevertheless express the real feelings of real people. Similarly the quiet achievements of the U.N.'s specialized agencies—e.g., the World Health Organization's winning war on malaria—mirror the scientific altruism which is also a fact of 20th Century life.

Yet Dag's mirror is also a distorting mirror, and some of its distortions have got worse. When the U.N. was founded, its peace-keeping powers were confined to the Security Council, dominated by the five permanent members with their unique veto. This inequity was justified on the ground that it corresponded to the real distribution of power. The Assembly, dominated by the small nations, was to be the world's conscience and complaint box, able to ventilate any issue but decide few. In 1950, however, on U.S. initiative during the Korean War, the Assembly obtained (through the Uniting-for-Peace resolution) the right to conduct peace-keeping operations when the Security Council proved veto-bound. The Assembly subsequently used this power to support U.N. forces in the Middle East and the Congo; and Hammarskjöld turned the Secretary General's office from "a moral to a political authority."

But the Assembly has also evolved in another direction. The explosion of new members is such that the Africans and Asians between them now control a majority of votes (59). The Assembly has therefore become a megaphone for Afro-Asian concerns, which would have no such command of Western newspaper headlines if the Assembly did not exist. Since many of the new members are nations in name only and politically far less mature than the original 51, the Assembly's earlier role as a "conscience" of world politics has, to say the least, been gravely attenuated.

The weakening effect of these new members is illustrated in the current crisis. They cherish the U.N. because it is their megaphone and milch cow and because, as a Cold War arena, it enables them to play neutralist politics between the U.S. and Russia. But the dispute that has paralyzed the 19th Assembly confronted these neutralists with a painful issue of principle. Should Russia and France, being two years behind in their peace-keeping assessments, be deprived of their Assembly vote as directed by Article 19 of the Charter?

To the U.S., the evasion of Article 19 is a defiance of the U.N. Charter and hence a blow to international law. To the Russians, the Suez and Congo assessments (imposed by the originally powerless Assembly) are themselves unconstitutional and so is the Uniting-for-Peace resolution. The World Court has declared the assessments valid. Even so, on their principle the Russians threaten to resign rather than pay. On theirs, the Americans threaten to cut back their disproportionate contributions to the milch-cow agencies. A showdown could mean either a U.N. without Russia or a U.N. without money.

Rather than face such a disastrous choice, the Afro-Asians preferred the dodge of taking no votes at all. Both the U.S. and U.S.S.R. went along, and the 19th Assembly has conducted its business in a kind of furtive sign language. It was about to adjourn until September when suddenly the Albanian member broke the truce and insisted on normal procedures. The dodge that delegates had considered a cozy joke suddenly made them a world laughing stock. The fact that Albania was just an errand boy for Red China, which wanted to precipitate the U.S.-U.S.S.R. showdown and thus rekindle the Cold

War, made the laughter all the more grim.

In explaining the Afro-Asian unwillingness to stand up and be counted, one African leader said, "We could not take a chance on offending Russia or the U.S. We'd have lost either way." To make clear that he was untroubled by the principle of the issue, this African went on: "We might have chance losing France. Denying France a vote wouldn't have rocked the U.N." That's realistic, all right; the dues crisis has mirrored the "strains of 20th Century life." But what ever happened to the hopes?

The hopes now consist mainly of keeping the U.N. breathing until some of its worst distortions can be removed. An interim committee on Assembly peace-keeping procedures will review the whole problem, relying on U Thant to find a face-saving formula which both the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. will agree to.

The U.S. has proved rather too flexible in upholding its Article 19 issue in order to let the 19th Assembly adopt a budget and adjourn. It has been a shabby session all round. But at least the adjournment will contribute a few months' refreshing silence to the heated boiler room of world politics. If an emergency should arise in which the Assembly could be useful as a "decompression chamber," the U.S. could find a way to summon it without compromising the Article 19 issue any more than it already has.

As the Assembly adjourned last week, its silence was temporarily filled by the nobler voices of delegates to the privately sponsored International Convocation on Peace in Terres, a discussion of how Pope John's famous encyclical can be made relevant to man's great problem of war and peace. For the subject of his speech at this convocation, U Thant chose the changes in the U.N. that must result from its struggle to survive.

One clearly needed change is in the balance of power between the veto-bound Security Council and the cacophonous Assembly. The latter is unlikely to surrender its residual right to act against a threat to the peace. But the Security Council, which still has the primary right to act, must find a way to make its right more like the duty which the Charter originally imputed to the great powers. There are numerous ways in which the financing of future peace forces can be equitably arranged. But the most tangible (if tenuous) hope for basic improvement is that the U.S. and Russia, who have at least kept nuclear peace between themselves, may find more mutual interest in strengthening the Security Council's wider peace-keeping job.



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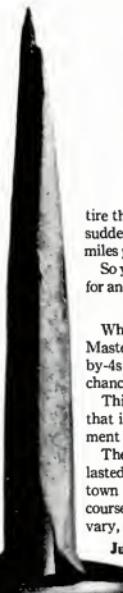
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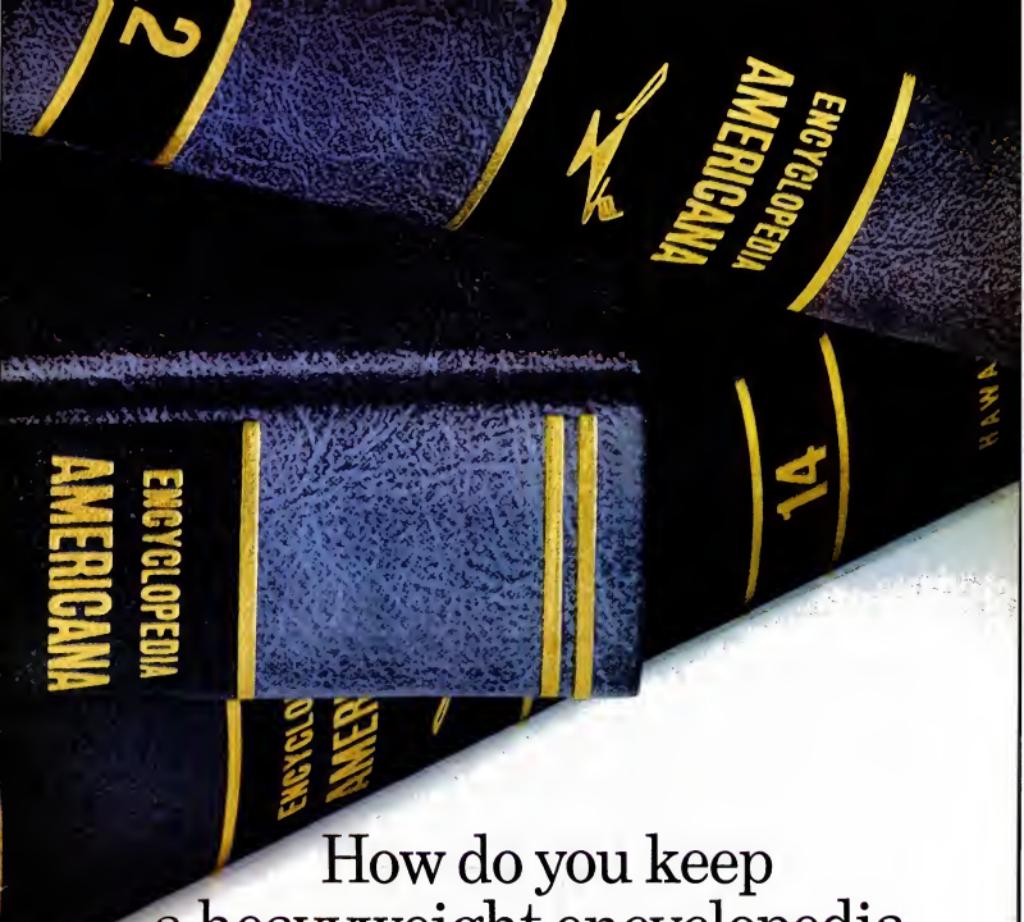
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by Dan Loes

Recently I made a boyhood dream come true. The experience was more satisfying than I had ever imagined. On the way to the airport I'd admit I was a bit excited. Something so thrilling as the prospect of flying... could make nearly anyone get butterflies.

Well, my instructor was more like a golf pro than a teacher. "Relax," he told me. "You'll be surprised at how fast you catch on." As he talked, my confidence grew and the whole business sounded even more exciting. My training plane at the Cessna dealer's was a new Cessna 150. It's a favorite because its high wing gives it more stability and ideal visibility for seeing what's going on below... and it has the reputation of being the world's easiest-to-fly airplane.

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I took the pilot's seat (on the left, just like my car) and adjusted it to a comfortable position. The cabin of the Cessna 150 is comfortable... has bucket seats... handsome fabrics. My instructor sat behind me, to the right and stepped in.

He explained the airspeed indicator, which is like my car's speedometer, and

the hand throttle which controls the engine speed. I started up the engine and we were ready to taxi.

Taxing the plane is simple. You steer with your feet on the rudder pedals which are connected to the nose wheel. At first I over-controlled, but he showed me the right way. "Always be gentle with the controls... a little bit smooth and easy," he said. I stopped short of the runway to go over the takeoff check list. As we scanned the sky for other airplanes, my instructor called the control tower for clearance to take off. "Clear for takeoff," radioed the tower.

The palms of my hands were damp as I taxied onto the runway and pushed in the throttle for full power. I held the dual control wheel in front of me to feel what my instructor did to take off. Accelerate... airspeed... 45... 50... 55... hold gentle back pressure... lift off, we're flying! Leaving the airfield, we climbed about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile above the earth and I took over the controls. I flew straight for a while... almost due north... and then my instructor showed me how to turn the plane. It's easy. You just turn the control wheel in the direction you want to go and pull back gently to maintain your altitude. It helps to coordinate the turn by simultaneously pressing on the rudder pedal.

Then I neutralized the controls and still held a little back pressure on the wheel to keep the nose on the horizon and the plane remained in the turn. When I wanted to straighten out, I rolled out slightly by turning the controls the opposite way and gently applying the opposite rudder pedal. It was easy... and fun, too.

Before I knew it, my first flight was over. An hour ago I had no idea I could pilot a plane so easily... and confidently.

We returned to the field, descended to 800 feet, and entered the flight pattern. I held

the controls while my instructor landed the plane and explained each step.

As I walked to the hanger, I felt like a changed man... and I was. I had learned something new and felt bigger for the experience. I couldn't help but think how easy it had been to make this change in my life.

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LIFE THEATER REVIEW

A Birthday Triumph for Tolstoy's Classic

WAR AND PEACE

You'll have to take my word for most of this—otherwise you won't believe it. You won't believe that Tolstoy's gigantic novel, *War and Peace*, can be cut and compressed until it is no more than a sardine compared to a whale and still make an effective play. You won't believe you can see Bonaparte and Czar Alexander in frozen poses like Sunday-school tableaux and still find them theatrically impressive. You won't believe you can see Napoleon's siege of Moscow in 1812 represented by toy soldiers and tiny cannons spitting real fire like cigarette lighters and not burst out laughing. And most unbelievable of all, to me, is that this shorthand version of *War and Peace*, written in German by Alfred Neumann, Erwin Piscator and Guntram Pruffer and first given in 1955, could become an international success and smash hit of this off-Broadway season.

How is all this possible?

Most importantly, the play sticks to Tolstoy's wonderful people. It is still a story of lovers, friends, families, engulfed in the tide of history. Prince Andrei still falls in love with winsome little Natasha. His father, old Prince Bolkonski, is still a terror—and a charmer. Stodgy Pierre comes through the war a sounder, finer man.

The show, which is being done now by the first-rate APA repertory at the Phoenix Theatre, begins when a young narrator in black tie and dinner jacket steps out to tell the audience how the novel was adapted for the stage. "We have selected, arranged, altered, and even invented, in the hope of serving Tolstoy's purpose."

The narrator's presence, as he jumps in and out of the play, is an insistent reminder that this is not meant to be a naturalistic production. Rather, it leans toward the kind of theater that Playwright Bertolt Brecht created and is now called "theater of alienation." This meant only that he wanted audiences to feel sufficiently alienated not to be numbed by soothing make-believe, not to sit passively with their defenses down, but critically with their dukes up.

War and Peace goes on to work both sides of the street: it engages our

emotions quite shamelessly with lovers' farewells and deathbed scenes set to soft violin music, but still forces us to stand aside and view the play with critical detachment. I think you'd call this "modified Brecht." At any rate it represents a successful fusing of styles, and I'd like to see more of it on the U.S. stage.

Its most enjoyable episode is in the style of popular comedy, not in the book but invented for this play. Andrei introduces Natasha to his crusty old father, who tries to prove the girl is a featherbrain by giving her a geometry quiz. But Natasha, who is acted enchantingly by Rosmary Harris, refuses to be trapped by his triangles with parallel lines and gives us the age-old fun of seeing a mini-outwit a curmudgeon.

War and Peace swings through a variety of styles. At the Battle of Borodino, Andrei is symbolically represented by a toy soldier that topples over to indicate that he is fatally wounded. In a later scene the real Andrei dies in Natasha's arms. In a final speech the narrator tells us that Natasha married Pierre, and we are reminded that Tolstoy's purpose was "to show that war is inhuman because the results depend on chance." Both our tear ducts and our minds have been stimulated.

I struck me when I saw the *War and Peace* program that it listed 18 characters, plus "servants, peasants and soldiers." That's more people than I've seen in all the new Broadway plays put together, most of which have only two or three characters apiece. There's no virtue, of course, in sheer size. But there is virtue in variety. I'm not tired of plays that deal minutely with the human psyche, but I do like to see the theater take on size and demonstrate that a crowd is more than three.

This year, which happens to be the 100th anniversary of the publication of the first part of *War and Peace* in Russia, the Soviet government will release a mammoth movie epic of Tolstoy's book. I hope it's good. But I have a feeling that the small stage version is a more effective tribute to this majestic work and will stand as the best way of saying, "Happy Birthday, *War and Peace*."

—by Tom Prideaux



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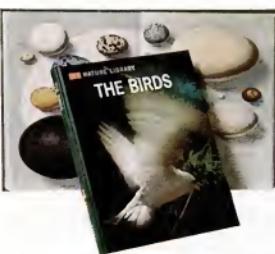
THE BIRDS

In 1703, an Englishman who described himself as "a person of learning and piety" wrote that birds took 60 days to migrate to the moon each winter. And indeed, some accomplishments of the birds are almost that marvelous. They are hunters and fishers of great skill and many are capable of fabulous feats of endurance.

It is no wonder birds have fascinated mankind since the dawn of time, when ancient priests sought omens in their entrails and their flights. Until recent times coal miners used canaries to warn them of lethal gas and today astronauts are turning for help to birds, for they seem to chart their courses during migration by the sun and the stars. Birds are not rarities—more than 100 billion of them inhabit the earth, from thimble-sized hummingbirds to ostriches standing eight feet tall. (Only a few hundred years

ago, there was still a bird 12 feet tall—and another that weighed half a ton.)

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Ichthyornis lived on the shores of North America's great inland sea about 100 million years ago and was probably a skillful flier, but had small weak legs.



Hesperornis resembled a modern loon, with legs set well to the rear. A strong swimmer, it had only rudimentary wings and could not fly.

FOUR FOSSIL BIRDS



Diatryma, a 60-million-year-old flightless giant of the North American plains, stood seven feet tall and had a head as large as that of a horse.



Phorusracos was about as tall as a man. It lived in South America 30 million years ago and the modern crane-like caracara of South America may be akin to it.

THE BIRDS

measures 8½ x 11 inches.
Shown here actual size. It contains 192 pages,
60 in full color, and a complete index.



The Eskimo curlew was hunted with such greed that by 1925 it was reported extinct. Several individuals have been sighted in Texas, however, since 1959.



North America's rarest bird, the ivory-billed woodpecker, numbers no more than six. To survive, it needs virgin stands of timber, which are nearly gone.

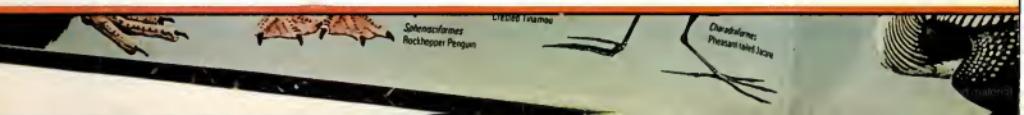
THE EDGE OF EXTINCTION



For the California condor, the change-over from ranches to fruit farms has meant a diminishing supply of the carrion on which it feeds. About 60 survive.



The inroads of man reduced the nene population to a low point of 30 in 1951. Now bred in captivity, the birds seem to be making a comeback: 400 in 1963.



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Good Book about a Bad Business

GAMBLERS' MONEY
by WALLACE TURNER
(Houghton Mifflin Co.) \$5.95

Extracting money from suckers has become a way of life in Nevada—indeed it is the Silver State's economic base and the source of a good part of its tax revenues. Gambling is legal there and, so the argument goes, if some shoe salesman wants to blow his vacation savings in slot machines or that green-felt bathtub they call a dice table, then who are we to tell him not to, particularly when the gambling hierarchy has done its best to obscure this legalized slaughter in a pleasant and inexpensive avalanche of entertainment?

Unfortunately it's not that simple, and in *Gamblers' Money*, Wallace Turner of the New York *Times*, a Pulitzer prize winner and one of the country's best investigative reporters, shows that Nevada's "noble experiment," as he calls it, is not just a problem for Nevadans but for all of us. There is, he says, a bigger problem: the use of gambling money—basically earned unethically—to invest in ethical business.

All starts with the way the easiest operator separates the "mark" from his cash. If the odds do not take care of it there is always some way to cheat a little, however zealous the inspectors. But this same basic law of the Vegas jungle—give a little, take a lot—tends to carry over into any gambler's venture into non-gambling business. The fact is, says Turner, that the casino owners don't really gamble; ever: the customer takes all the chances. At the gambling table the player is the sucker; when gamblers "go ethical," the taxpayer and small stockholder is the sucker.

Turner spells this out in detail. He tells how the federal government unwittingly contributed tax money to the crookery when the U.S. Public Health Service provided half a million for a sewer system to serve the "Strip" in Las Vegas (the FBI has since been investigating charges of corruption and substandard construction). He tells how a group of gam-

blers persuaded county officials to finance a new golf course with public funds, and by their highly complicated double-shuffle wound up with the taxpayers \$400,000 out of pocket.

Turner traces meticulouslly the story of how the Vegas crowd tried to invade Wall Street with Alexander Gutema, the master swindler, as their instrument. A lot of small stockholders got trimmed, but this time so did the gamblers. Some were convicted. The worst indignity they suffered, however, was being taken for suckers themselves.

But the really significant fact is that the gamblers were no longer satisfied with their Nevada sanctuary. They wanted to branch out with their excess "black money"—their term for elaborately concealed profits that are skimmed off behind closed doors before the tax collector enters. Black money, says Turner, makes gambling and mob invasion of business hard to trace. One of his sources estimates that seven of 24 houses in Vegas are skimming off \$2 million this way per month. He describes how one batch of black money traveled in a foreign diplomat's pouch into a Latin American bank and then, in a blizzard of paperwork, back to the U.S., with its stain removed and ready for investment.

And though Operation Gutema flopped, Turner argues that the exportation of such vast amounts of black money from Nevada (along with the moral standards of its owners) is a threat to national morality. In the absence of any practical way for Nevada to control its own evils, he calls for federal legislation to dampen the spread of what he calls "legalized infection."

Turner feels that efforts by Nevada to keep gangsters out are hopeless. A "black book" is kept of undesirables not permitted to own casinos and none go on the surface. But when Frank Costello was frisked in New York not long ago he had in his pocket a slip of paper with a notation that tallied almost exactly with the previous night's "take" of a big Nevada casino.

A blunt book, *Gamblers' Money* names names and cites figures. It names the judge who, as a lawyer, represented gamblers, then ruled in their favor in a suit; it specifies Mafia mobsters who have more than tangible ties in Nevada; and there are dozens of others, crooks and victims. The victims can be small-time pugilists or do-or-die types like the \$50,000-a-year Denver lawyer who went to prison for embezzlement because, in

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REVIEWS CONTINUED

fear of his life, he turned to crime to pay his business debt to a gambler.

I have worked with Wallace Turner on many crusades against gambling, corruption and labor racketeering and I know him as a reporter who not only gets the facts but has the perception to interpret them. He has never had a conclusion with which I agreed more than this: that bigtime gambling, whether legalized or not, taints what-

ever it touches. I recall a gambler telling me plaintively, "I can't go straight even when I want to." He had bought a meat-packing plant, fully intending to operate it squarely. But when his employees realized whom they were working for they started buying diseased cattle at bargain prices. "What could I do? I had to get out of business or go to jail. I sold out."

by William Lambert

... and a Big Book about Big Business

AMERICAN CHROME

by EDWIN GILBERT
(G. P. Putnam's Sons) \$5.95

In each of a half-dozen widely read novels Edwin Gilbert has surveyed specific elements of the American scene and organized them into an authentic pattern of our times. *The Squared Cage* presented the temptations and torments of Hollywood. *The Hot and the Cool* dramatized the peculiar American institution of jazz. *Native Stone* humanized the struggle to modernize U.S. architecture. *The New Ambassadors* concerned the effect of Europe on groups of Americans—industrial engineers, salesmen, technicians and vice versa.

American Chrome, his latest, is devoted to the power of our machine-god, the automobile, and the society which has grown up around it. It is not a single story of a single person but a chain of interlocking ones. There is the president of a huge motor company, an outmoded autocrat fighting competition outside his kingdom and scandal within. There are his three daughters, one the insecure wife of the company's executive vice president, another a pretentious leader of society, and the youngest, a hoytont beauty spoiled by her father and a year at the Sorbonne. Opposed to this dynasty is another one headed by a car dealer, a dictator in his own domain but held over a barrel by the crippling quota of new cars the manufacturer forces on him. His son, the central figure of the novel, is a maverick who fights both his father and the competition in an attempt to bring some order into his disordered industrial world. The intricate relations of these citizens of Detroit, complicated by minor

chicaneries, carry this huge novel back and forth from executive suites, mansions and country clubs to sleazy hotels, high-pressure showrooms and garish used-car lots.

American Chrome may be read as a symbolic novel—a morality drama contrasting a splendid, idealized society and a sordid and over-industrialized one. But its appeal to me was simpler than that. Woven into every character is the bright, leading thread of the book: the way the automobile absorbs and possesses us all. Edwin Gilbert is preoccupied with the workaday Americans who not only care for his car but identifies with it, eats, sleeps and talks it, who is as much in love with his horseless carriage as a hunter his horse, who is as keenly appreciative of its performance as an aficionado is of a bullfighter's technique. This adoration is developed on all levels—on the car as a marvelous mechanism and as a thing of beauty and a joy forever—or at least until the next model appears. It is apparent in the speed-mad devotees of drag racing, and in the collectors of "classics"—the ancient, headlight-in-fender Pierce-Arrows, the coffin-nosed Cord, the gothic-grilled Sport-Packard Super 8a.

And *American Chrome* has one more odd claim on the reader. It is an old-fashioned novel with a hero. He is a man with a mission who actually faces fraudulence and double-dealing not with the resignation of an alienated anti-hero but with touchingly stubborn and sometimes even foolhardy integrity. He inveighs not only against dirtiness in business and human relations but also, surprisingly for a Detroiter, against dirtiness in the air.

Gilbert's style is easy and colloquial. In an almost direct line with Upton Sinclair and Sinclair Lewis, he challenges the too easily accepted cruelties inherent in high-pressure business competition. His book takes a positive position against irresponsibility. It is an unusual book and not the less absorbing for being purposeful.

by Louis Untermeyer



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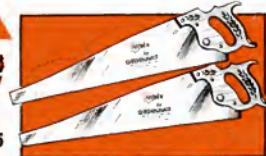
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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

WINSTON CHURCHILL

Sirs:

The entire free world was aware that it had lost a great leader and statesman upon the death of Sir Winston Churchill but LIFE made that loss felt even more acutely by its superb and tastefully chosen photographs of the funeral and an account of the many highlights of the history he had made.

The fact that LIFE spared no expense and inconvenience in reporting this event is not only an indication of the esteem you held for this Man of the Century but is further proof of the value you place upon your readers and the fact that you want us to see that they get only the best-on-the-scene coverage.

MARGARET JEAN JONES
Holly Pond, Ala.

Sirs:

Being English (with high hopes of becoming Americanized), I longed to be in London on that solemn day. Your excellent articles and photographs in LIFE (Feb. 5) made it up to me in no small measure.

JOAN KELLEHER
San Bernardino, Calif.

Sirs:

The expressions of pride and grief you show on the faces of the men carrying the coffin of Sir Winston Churchill must be the reflections of all who saw his funeral.

MRS. RICHARD H. HAAKE
Atherton, Calif.

Sirs:

If there is a "News Photo of the Year" award I nominate, even at this early date in 1965, your cover picture. At first glance it seems only a picture of some soldiers carrying a coffin—but then look again at the faces.

JAMES R. LAMOTT
Seattle, Wash.

Sirs:

Saturday, Jan. 30, marked the end of an era in world history with the burial of Sir Winston Churchill. It also presented an irreparable expression of bad manners and explicit disavowal by President Johnson and several entities in the population of the U.S. whom he represents. The U.S. spends millions in trying to display goodwill. The world forever will remember that the expenditure of time on good judgment for the funeral of Sir Winston by the U.S. government was nil.

EILEEN TRAVIS
St. John, N.B., Canada

MY HOUSE

Sirs:

Congratulations to Ralph Graves for his article (Feb. 5) concerning the Philippine anti-U.S.A. demonstration. Mr. Graves expresses what I also believed about my country's friendly feeling toward the U.S.A. However, the demonstration implies that the two countries will need to restudy themselves in treating one another and a need for more understanding like in a husband and wife relationship.

REV. DELANO D. CANLAS
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs:

"Pukka sahism" exists because the Filipinos are such gracious hosts they'd go to extremes to prove their brand of hospitality. Unfortunately, so many Americans have abused this trait, with the saying now that our "greatest allies in Southeast Asia" don't mind it at all. Well, they do mind it, as your Ralph Graves found out.

PERLA M. HEWES
Mayville, N.Y.

Sirs:

It has been distressing to read of the anti-American demonstrations in Manila. We should feel very fortunate that they were so moderate, in view of the violence in countries all over the world. Can we find a mutually agreeable compromise before this, too, gets out of hand?

L. F. DAY
Harrisburg, Pa.

FASHION

Sirs:

Most Paris fashions range from the silly to the ugly but it takes two Americans, "Mia and Vicki," to go from the gruesome to the disgusting ("U.S. Girls Become Paris Designers," Feb. 5). Now my daughter will want to stop around uninterested saying, "I saw it in LIFE."

HENRY LARS BART
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Showing the struggle of Grace Jackson ("Spunk Cripple's Hard Fight," Feb. 5) in her attempt to dress in clothes by those two nits in the same issue proves something. I wish I knew what Grace's worn-out keepups are far more beautiful than anything anyone could design. I hope she knows there are people who think so.

MRS. G. SELIG
Skokie, Ill.

LETTERS

Sirs:

The picture of Ted Kennedy was a tribute to his courage after the ordeal he had undergone and should be an inspiration to one and all, whether he was half nude in an orthopedic brace, or fully dressed. Let Hulda Kitchen tell the Editor, Feb. 5) experience what Senator Kennedy did and maybe she will be more compassionate.

MISS FRANKIE HAWKINS
Pasadena, Calif.

Sirs:

I have been amused by the many snide letters written to your opinion editors about the Kennedy family, but the letters from Hulda Kitchen and S. Silander published in your Feb. 5 issue criticizing Ted Kennedy ended my patience.

Teaching my children respect for our government or the fourth estate has very little to do with "a half-nude male member of the Kennedy family." I am a member of a picture of another hairy-chested Kennedy being mobbed on a California beach—and only awe and pride mirrored the faces of the other bathers. I am sure there are many brave men who have served our country in back braces today, including my own husband from World War II.

MRS. FELIX F. CHURCH
Bellevue, Wash.

EDUCATION

Sirs:

Those Air Force cadets who looked the other way when they knew their classmates were cheating ("Scandal at the Air Force Academy," Feb. 5) were guilty of our country's number one social fail, apathy.

R. N. MURPHY
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

The honor system has much merit and some demerit. I question the character building of a system which encourages a man to report on a brother, based on a suspicion. An extreme example of this system, as practiced in police states, is to require children to report to authorities on their fathers and mothers.

HENRY NISKANEN
Bakersfield, Calif.

Sirs:

In his *Reminiscences* (Jan. 10, 1964), General MacArthur tells of having faced

a situation similar to the one faced by the Air Force cadets who refused to turn in a man he had ordered by a court of inquiry to tell the names of upperclassmen who had been involved in a hazing incident. MacArthur readily gave the details of the incident but refused to divulge the names. The Academy did not fire him.

JOHN SPRAGUE

Montclair, N.J.

CROWDED CITIES

Sirs:

Your article, "The Choice Forced upon Us" (Feb. 5), sort of stuck home with my wife and me in a reverse sort of a "Back to the Land" in Philadelphia. 12 years ago we took our 3-year-old girl out west to the wide open spaces. We have two girls now, one born here. They swing on their own trees and we were never sorry we made the change.

FRANK KALTENSTEIN
Springville, Utah

Sirs:

Your comparison of life in a small town to life in Lefrak City told only one side of the story. There's much to be said for small towns, but your beautiful color pictures don't catch the dust, the dirt, the mud, the heat, the tension and hostility to strangers. Lefrak City has the warmth of a small town, with all the facilities of the big city and it is 15 minutes, not 40 minutes, from Manhattan.

FRANCES F. MILLER
Roslyn Estates, L.I.

Sirs:

I find myself resenting the comball attitude of Earl Huntington and his bleeding nostalgia for Castle Dale's lost spaciousness. I grew up right in New York City. I bellywhopped a sled down Snake Hill as fast as it would go and the sky wind shaped me in the face and mind. I am not different from Mr. Huntington unless it is not Castle Dale, Utah, or the horse. He misses his boyhood, and that is something to which he cannot return.

DICK YOUNG

Woodcliff Lake, N.J.

Sirs:

Regardless of his pastoral memories, he chose concrete over grass, dirt to dirt, rising success instead of a sunrise. Like it or not, in the beginning the choice was his.

FREDERICK MOORE III
Berea, Ohio

IN LIFE NEXT WEEK

NARCOTICS ADDICTION—PART 2

What Hope for the Junkie?

- The 'legalizing' controversy
- The problem of cutting off the drug source
- What lawmakers, the courts and doctors should do—but don't

TRAVEL
Idyl on the Mexican Isle of Cozumel

FASHION
The Paris collections in color

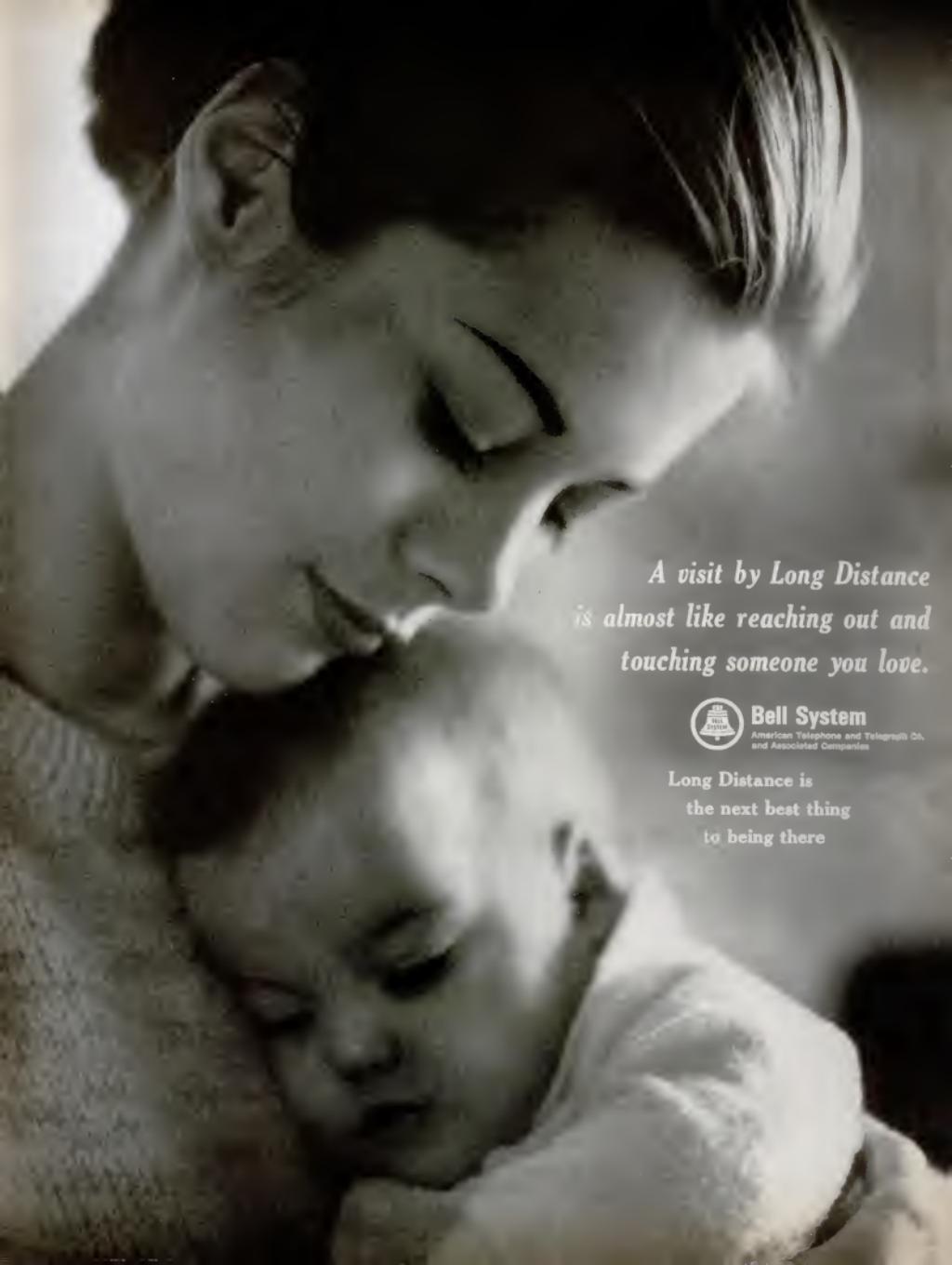
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Christ Never Tried to Please Everybody

Give me a warm sweater, and I can fall asleep in any movie theater in the world. I do it effortlessly and, I am told, not without grace. No snoring, no sprawling, no bone-cracking jerks of head against the back of the seat. I love movies, and I have sat happily through a thousand of them, but if a picture plain bores me, I take a nap. This is a lot easier on me, my companion and the box office than walking out. I just tune out instead.

This minor but useful talent is the product of girlhood conditioning. When I was growing up in New York, my mother was a professional movie critic with a permanent free pass to Radio City Music Hall. Having spent my formative years in the snug, velours embrace of a free loge seat, I enjoy movies today without feeling the least awe of the giant screen. No moviemaker can rivet my eyeballs and batter my eardrums if I choose otherwise. I have snoozed with impunity as Rome fell, as Joan screamed at the stake, as D-day thundered.

But last week my system broke down. The occasion was the world premiere of *The Greatest Story Ever Told*, presented under the lofty "patronage of the President of the United States and Mrs. Johnson, the United Nations Association, and the Eleanor Roosevelt Foundation." This majestic endorsement, or plug, was made possible by the eminence of both the producer-director, George Stevens, regarded as Hollywood's greatest master of the cinema, and the subject matter, the life of Christ.

The advance publicity on the picture had been equally majestic. We were told that Stevens had personally retraced every foot of Christ's travels before deciding that the real Holy Land today looks merely eroded, not authentic. The most authentic-looking location, he decreed, was Utah. Stevens had also conferred privately with Pope John XXIII and Ben-Gurion; had engaged Carl Sandburg to help him on the script; and had further insured both reverence and authenticity by never working without a specially made reference book containing seven

translations of the Gospels. The picture had taken six years to prepare, ran nearly four hours and was the most expensive movie ever made in the U.S. To me, all this information transmitted one additional private message: bring the sweater.

What we saw was four hours of beautifully photographed, relentless good taste. There were no orgies, no chariot races, no dance of the seven veils, not even John the Baptist's head on a platter. There was the predictable cast of thousands, stunningly robed, and a disciplined portrayal of Christ by Max von Sydow. But the total effect was one of sets by Hallmark, panorama by Grand Canyon Postcards, Inc., and script by ecumenical committee.

Yet, strangely, I wasn't sleepy. It wasn't that Mr. Stevens' version of the Passion play wasn't boring enough. The trouble was I began to find this dull movie irritating and I got mad.

The scale of *The Greatest Story Ever Told* was so stupendous, the pace so stupefying, that I felt not uplifted but sandbagged. As the picture ponderously unrolled, it was mainly irritation that kept me awake. Who but an audience of diplomats could be expected to sit through the thing?

Certainly no child could endure it. Insomniacs would be tortured by the sound track. Orgy-fanciers would be utterly dismayed. Biblical scholars would find not a new point of view but no point of view. The only appropriate audience for this picture would be a convention of geologists.

Act One concluded with the raising of Lazarus, accompanied by a stereophonic blare of Handel loud enough to do the job unaided, and we staggered out into the lobby. But when intermission ended, everyone dutifully trudged back to his seat. Nobody, it seems, walks out on God. There have now been a couple of dozen film biographies of Christ, plus countless other biblical epics, which seems to indicate that moviemakers are well aware that whatever else God may be, He is box office. Nobody at United Artists, which put up \$20 million to make *The Greatest Story Ever Told*, seems the least worried about getting their money back.

The turgid solemnity of Act Two was enlivened only by the gentle thud of heavy souvenir program books falling to the floor as the watchers drowsed. But by this time I was really wide

awake and sore at everything, including the pomposity of the title itself. I resented the attempt to hype up the Holy Land visually by shooting it in Utah. I resented the tricky insurance of "cameo" casting which gave us brief, jarringly glimpses of Shelley Winters as a leper, Carroll Baker as the woman who wipes the blood from Christ's brow, John Wayne as a centurion at the Crucifixion. I disliked the cheap, Sunday-school symbolism of making Sidney Poitier play the one man who helps Christ carry the cross.

I yearned for one touch of humanity. Even the slaughter of the innocents had left me unmoved, possibly because Stevens had staged the attack by Herod's warriors exactly like a Comanche raid. One flash of irreverence would have been welcome too in four hours of reverent pomp, but there was not even a smile. The only laugh I heard all night was surely unintentional: a titter swept the audience when a messenger exclaimed, "And that isn't all—he walked on water!"

Stevens has said that he believes his picture will have great ecumenical value because it does not offend any religion: Catholic, Protestant or Jew. But by not offending anybody, he first bores and finally outrages all but the most pious of movie fans. The main trouble with trying to blanket the screen with wall-to-wall good taste, I think, is that you wind up with nothing to show for it but a pile of beautiful pictures. Good taste, relentlessly applied, comes to seem like lack of discrimination, lack of risk, lack of daring, lack of invention, even lack of inspiration. But what the picture seems to lack most is courage. Given his title, his subject matter, his great cinematic talent and infinite resources, I wish Stevens had found boldness to match.

He tried to please everybody, from the Vatican to the Shurlock office to John Wayne fans. The pallid result is that Stevens has wound up with not much more to show for his six years of painstaking effort than a tasteless, money-making wad of beautiful photography.

You cannot please everybody. Politicians often try it, but artists must not, and great men never do. The point seems especially appropriate today, but it is really nothing new. It was made most forcefully 2,000 years ago by Stevens' own leading character,

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3 little repairs.*

When Thomas and Dolores Loughlin of Bridgewater, New Jersey, were married, her mother gave them her 3-year-old Maytag Automatic Washer.

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There wasn't any doubt that they would buy another Maytag. The problem was which Maytag. Mrs. Loughlin finally settled on a model with 2 speeds, a special soak cycle for

diapers and such, a fabric conditioner dispenser, automatic water level control, a lint filter agitator, and a zinc-coated steel cabinet among other features.

In fact, the only thing it doesn't have is three years' experience at her mother's.

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INTO A NEW BLUE YONDER—



OBJECTIVE: RED SANCTUARY



A SMILING AIR MARSHAL BACK FROM A RAID

Unwinding after a strike against the once privileged sanctuary in North Vietnam, the pilots—one of them a South Vietnamese air marshal—talked over the raid. For all their jaunty look, the country they were trying to defend was once again in deep internal political trouble, farther away than ever from achieving the stability needed to get on with the war against the Communist Vietcong—a war marked now by thrusts, counterthrusts and tense lulls.

It was during such a lull that the South Vietnamese government in Saigon underwent yet another upheaval, this time directed at veteran strongman General Nguyen Khanh, who only a few days earlier had approved a new civilian government. Russia and Communist China, drawn superficially closer as a result of the U.S. air raids, hurled threats and new demands that the U.S. get out of South Vietnam. But President Johnson had already made it clear that the U.S. policy was to stand firm.

VIETNAM AIR CHIEF. Wrapped in his rakish lavender scarf and standing before his bomb-heavy Skyraider, debonair Nguyen Cao Ky, 34, briefs pilots for their raid on North Viet-



COMBAT DAMAGE. After raid into North Vietnam, crewmen gaze at a hole punched in a Skyraider's wing when it flew so low it caught shrapnel from a bomb blast on the ground.

DA NANG BASE. Jet fighters are sandwiched into sandbag bunkers at the most powerful U.S. base in South Vietnam. It has a 10,000-foot jet runway. Nearby, guerrillas are fighting.



WRECKAGE BY VIETCONG, A COUP, TACTICS OF



HAND OF THE VIETCONG. U.S. soldiers dig for bodies in bombed barracks at Quinphon. The hand (above) is that of a member of the Vietcong suicide squad that set off the blast.



FIRE IN SAIGON. Volunteers hopelessly fight blaze that wrecked part of an army ordnance depot. The city is nervous, but no one could be sure that Vietcong sabotage caused this fire.

The swift coup against General Khanh took the U.S. by surprise. Tension had mounted quickly in Saigon as destructive forays by the Vietcong were met by U.S. air strike tactics of response. But LIFE Correspondent Robert Morse called that American policymakers in Saigon "had reason to feel encouraged." They saw the attacks on North Vietnam as giant tests of the will of North Vietnam to continue guerrilla attacks, of the physical effect of the air raids on the ability of North Vietnam to

maintain its infiltration of guerrillas and arms to the south, and, perhaps most important, of the will of the South Vietnamese to continue an increasingly tough war.

The new *coup d'état* was the eighth since the overthrow of President Diem in November 1963 and was engineered by the military. Its leaders were General Tran Thien Khiem, the South Vietnamese ambassador to the U.S., who was in Washington at the time, and Colonel Pham Ngoc Thao, who was in Saigon. Thao was active with the



RESPONSE

Communist-led Vietminh against the French and once was intelligence chief to Ho Chi Minh, North Vietnam's head man. He claims he served the Vietminh as a nationalist, and never was a Communist. Khiem and Thao, formerly close aides of the newly overthrown Khanh, had helped him in several coups of his own. But under strong Buddhist pressure, Khanh had recently sent them both out of the country. It seems likely that if their bid for power succeeds there will be new trouble with the Buddhists.



TARGETS AND RISKS

This map shows possible targets for future air strikes against North Vietnam and some of the risks involved. Last week's attacks on the Dong Hoi-Chanh Hoa area could be followed by strikes at the rail and road network, at airbases and at industrial installations in the Hanoi-Haiphong area. Arrows from North Vietnamese territory show the Communist supply routes into Laos and South Vietnam. Arrows from Chinese territory show potential retaliation to stepped-up U.S. pressure. Chinese troops might move down in force into North Vietnam, and China's Russian-supplied MiGs based on Hainan Island might attack units of the U.S. Seventh Fleet and installations in South Vietnam.



Split-Second Record of a Bank Robbery



A sign at the Western-Manchester branch of the United California Bank in Los Angeles warns that the place is watched by a "photographic alarm service." But the three stick-up men who showed up recently either didn't see the sign or didn't dig it, and automatic cameras recorded their every felonious move. The sequence begins as one robber vaults the counter

(A) while a second (in dark coat) holds a gun on the tellers. Ordered to drop to the floor, depositors do so (B and C). Meanwhile a second camera picked up the ringleader brandishing a sawed-off shotgun. He orders a customer to the other side of the bank (1), thrusts the gun at his chest (2) when he doesn't move, then clouts him on the head (3). As the customer goes

down (4) the gunman tells assistant manager R. W. Imrie to go to the other side. Imrie complies (5) and the gunman glowers at the downed customer (6) who has started crawling across the floor. Seconds later, the holdup team made their getaway with \$4,620. Despite the telltale photographs of the caper, the police were still trying to find them a week later.







A King of Song Dies, and a Friend Remembers Him

"It's very easy, you know, when somebody dies, to think of nice things to say," said Sammy Davis, moping over a double brandy and soda one midnight last week in a dim Manhattan cocktail lounge. "But with Nat King Cole, you have no choice. There's nothing bad you could say about the guy."

The news had come that morning that Cole was dead of cancer. In January the 45-year-old singer—whose honeyed voice sold 50 million records—underwent surgery for the removal of a cancerous lung, and his show business friends had thought that the prognosis was good. But the malignancy had spread, and he relapsed on a Friday and died on a Monday.

Sammy was rehearsing a television show in New York when he heard. He stopped and his face clouded and he walked away to mourn. Cole was his friend, the man who had given him a start in show business. They were planning to co-star this summer in a New York jazz movie called *Adam*.

That night, in the saloon, Sammy tried to talk about his dead friend. "He was always okay, you know what I mean? He walked on the stage and instantly there was respect. How many entertainers have that? He could work for headliners who owned nightclubs, and they respected him. I met him in 1941. He was playing piano at the Million Dollar Theater in L.A., and singing a little on a gooseneck mike. Nobody was paying attention and then the mike broke off in his hands. He had to stand up and sing and they started listening."

Sammy listened a minute to the piano player struggling with *My Funny Valentine* in the bar. "Nat could have made it just playing. He dug Art Tatum, but Nat was just as good. In fact, Oscar Peterson used to say, 'Gee, if I could only play like Nat.'"

After Cole made it big, Sammy remembered, he never changed. "He

didn't become a hippie. Anybody could get to him with a song. He'd listen to anybody's sales pitch. I mean, after all, a guy with a beard who looks like Jesus Christ walked in one day and gave Nat a song. Anybody else wouldn't have let him in the door. But Nat sang it. It was *Nature Boy*. When he had a big hit, other singers paid him a particular compliment. They didn't rush out to copy him on the same song. I've heard singers say, including me, 'Forget it. Nat's done it already.'

Sammy remembered he used to rib Cole about his diction on such songs as *Vaya con Dios* and *Darling, Je Vous Aime Beaucoup*. "Nat learned the songs phonetically and they sure sounded like it, but when I went to South America everybody asked me, 'Why don't you sing in Spanish like Nat?' I stopped teaching him."

As a Negro, Cole's greatest contribution to his people's quest for civil rights was the exemplary life he lived. "Nat wasn't up there leading the march," Sammy said, "but he was there when you needed him. He was the only Negro performer who ever lived who didn't have one ounce of controversy about him. I never even saw him make a pass at a broad. He loved his wife and that was it."

"But my God, what a friend he was. He seemed to sense when I needed him. I'd be in trouble or down or something and he'd call and put on a soul-brother accent and say, 'Hey, buddy, this here's Nat. What trouble is you in now?'"

Now, on this sad night, Sammy was in trouble again. The brandy didn't wash out the lumps in his throat and the cigarettes didn't taste good and the piano player was hitting the wrong notes. The memories wouldn't stop coming. Sammy's friend was dead, and the only thing he could think of to do would be an extraordinary departure from the show-must-go-on tradition. But he did it—he canceled his hit Broadway show, *Golden Boy*, for one performance and flew to Los Angeles for the funeral.

by THOMAS THOMPSON



The battling titans of the steel union

The election for president of the United Steelworkers of America was so close that neither incumbent president David McDonald (left) nor secretary-treasurer I. W. Abel (right) knew for sure who had won. An unofficial tally gave it to Abel, and McDonald was already acting like a loser. Pouting over the close vote, McDonald, who has been president for 12 years, accused Abel's side of fraud. "Dave's acting like a prima donna," said one disappointed McDonald supporter. The battle was sure to wind up in the courts and drag on for weeks. Meanwhile, the union faced crucial negotiations for a new contract. "When we sit down with the steel companies," says one union official, "mindful of the split," they're going to rip us apart."

Domestic role for ex-Foreign Secretary

Forced to forfeit his post as Britain's Foreign Secretary because he couldn't get elected to Parliament (in two tries), Patrick Gordon Walker took on a new job. The British are fooling around with the English language and testing out a 44-letter alphabet. Acting as an adviser to British schools on the new spelling, the former diplomat visited a schoolroom to see how the language runs. With a 5-year-old on his knee, Walker helps read a story entitled "Heer Wee Goe."



The hairdo to the hairdoer: 'I do'

Look closely and you'll see that one of the long-hairs at left is a Beatle, Ringo Starr by name. The other is his 18-year-old bride, née Maureen Cox, who—luckily enough—is a dressmaker. They were wed shortly after dawn, and 29 hours later faced the press (below). The Beatles made further news when the London Stock Exchange issued \$5.4 million worth of shares in a firm called Northern Songs Ltd. One product: ditties by Beatles John Lennon and Paul McCartney.



Bearded first lady of Westminster

With beetie brow and beard, the perky little Scottish terrier called Mamie (for Mrs. Eisenhower) trotted forth at the most prestigious dog show of them all—the annual Westminster Kennel Club Show at Madison Square Garden. Her formal name is Champion Carmichael's Fanfare, and at the age of nearly 5 she had already won top awards at 31 other shows. Now, with 2,567 Westminster entries eliminated, Mamie had to compete in the finals against an Italian greyhound, a miniature poodle, a Weimaraner, a boxer and the whippet that was last year's winner, Champion Courtenay Fleetwood. With 10,000 people looking on, Mamie became the fourth Scottie to win Westminster's big prize of Best in Show.





MICHELLE DUCLOS



KHALEEL SAYEED



WALTER BOWE



ROBERT COLLIER

NEWSFRONTS

attended by Wood, Collier got down to cases. Carefully watching Wood's face for any reaction, he sketched plans for three-man demolition teams which would cripple key U.S. bases.

Another member of the cell, Walter Bowe, 32, who made his living as a judo instructor, came up with an alternate suggestion: as a symbolic act to show hatred of their native land, why not blow up the Statue of Liberty? The plan was quickly broadened to encompass the Washington Monument and the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia.

As a starter, Bowe went out to "case" the huge statue that guards New York Harbor. Wood tagged along and so did a 22-year-old Negro named Khaleel Sayeed, who until recently had been an engineering major at Howard University. They observed that the statue was only lightly guarded by unarmed attendants. After careful study of a souvenir model of the statue that they brought back, the conspirators were sure they could plant explosive charges in such a way as to blast the head and arms off Miss Liberty—"that damned old bitch," as Bowe put it.

The next problem was to obtain the explosives, and Canada, where French separatists had made a lot of noise by blowing up mailboxes, seemed a logical place. Early this month Collier decided to go north and invited Wood to go along. The undercover man had no time to call his superiors, and no assurance that he would ever come back. Collier sent out feelers to a sometime television announcer named Michelle Duclos, 26 and blonde, from Montreal who was active in the separatist movement. Michelle's political sympathies are somewhat cloudy, although there are reports that she was once married to (or lived with) one of Ben Bella's leftist ministers in Algeria. They were told the dynamite was as good as on its way, and Collier and Wood returned to New York. Last Monday, Michelle arrived in New York in a white car with a cardboard box containing the 30 sticks and the detonators. She telephoned Wood, whom she regarded as a conspirator, and told him the explosives were waiting in an empty lot. Wood tipped off police headquarters, then went with Collier to pick up the hot cargo. The police were waiting. Bowe, Sayeed and the girl were collared within hours. Bomb squad men, in special armament, gingerly transported the dynamite to an Army base for safekeeping.

As a reward for his work, Rookie Wood was promoted to the rank of detective. But before that happened he had one last unpleasant experience. His undercover mission had been so hush-hush that the cops who picked him up with Collier and the dynamite cache hustled him into a station house and handcuffed him to a chair. There he remained until a superior officer arrived. "Take off those cuffs," the officer barked. "He's one of ours!"

by MICHAEL MOK



Plot To Behead the Statue of Liberty

People who want to blow up the world or small portions of it are no novelty to New York police. They usually turn out to be unemployable dimwits, crazed by some long-nursed inconsequential grudge, or by loneliness amid the city's indifferent millions. Their typical weapons are rusted hand grenades and internally wired cigar boxes. Last week the New York police pounced on four suspected members of the fraternity who differed from the common run: they had 30 sticks of dynamite, plus blasting caps. It was enough to blow the head off the Statue of Liberty—which, according to the cops, was precisely what they intended to do, along with blowing up the Washington Monument and the Liberty Bell.

The astonishing thing was that they might well have had a go at it but for a piece of nerveless undercover snooping by a 31-year-old rookie cop named Raymond Adolphous Wood. When the four were safely in jail, the police gave details of the operation as described below.

Shortly after he finished his basic police training seven months ago,

Patrolman Wood, a Negro, was given a special assignment: to find out whatever he could about a leftist Negro organization known as the Black Liberation Front. All he learned from his briefing was that the group had been formed by students who visited Cuba last summer and that it was pro-Castro and pro-Red China. His approach to the task was beautiful in its simplicity. Whenever extremist groups set up picket lines in the city, Wood showed up and took part. When his fellow demonstrators taunted the cops, he jeered too—louder than anybody. In December, his pavement-pounding and leaflet-passing paid off.

At a U.N. party given by the Cuban mission, he was introduced to Robert Steele Collier, self-styled leader of the Black Liberation Front, and was accepted as a convert. For a dedicated revolutionary, Collier—who is 28 and worked as a clerk in the New York Public Library—certainly had a wagging tongue. He earned endlessly about his trip to Havana and boasted of personal acquaintances with Castro's No. 2, Che Guevara.

In due course, at a cell meeting



TARGETS. Three of the nation's most sacred shrines, the Statue of Liberty, Liberty Bell and the Washington Monument, were marked for destruction. Police quoted suspect Robert Collier as saying, "I wanted to draw attention to the conditions of my race."





HERO'S REWARD. New York Police Commissioner Murphy presents a detective's shield to Raymond Wood, who uncovered plot. Murphy would not permit fullface snaps of Wood.



DYNAMITE GIRL. Michelle Duclos was a free-lance television announcer in Montreal. The police say she transported high explosives into the U.S. under private orders from Collier.

RALLY IN CUBA. Robert Collier (first row center, wearing beret) proudly displayed his organization's banner during a visit last year to Havana, sponsored by Castro group in U.S.



WASHINGTON REPORT

Prepared by the TIME-LIFE Washington staff,
edited by LIFE Bureau Chief Richard Stolley

MEDICARE: IT'S IN THIS TIME

Although the American Medical Association is still fighting the President's medicare bill, to be financed by Social Security taxes, Administration specialists think they hear a death rattle. The A.M.A.'s substitute plan, which it calls "elder-care" and which would expand the state-federal cost-sharing principle in existing legislation, has generated no excitement at all. House Ways and Means Committee members were so uninterested that they failed to ask a single question of A.M.A. spokesmen at recent hearings.

The Johnson medicare plan is not acceptable either—in its present form—to Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills. It will be rewritten thoroughly. But there will be a medicare bill in the House, and it should easily become law this time.

► *The A.M.A.'s battle was really lost last November with the defeat of 38 Republicans in the House. But, said one A.M.A. official, "Our guys decided to go down fighting. When medicare flops, they want to say 'we told you so!'"*

DIPLOMATIC GRIPES IN PEKING

It is true, Alice said to Christopher Robin (*When We Were Very Young*), "A soldier's life is terrible hard." But so is the life of a foreign diplomat in Peking. Nations which, unlike the U.S., recognize Red China receive appalling reports from their diplomats on how they are unable to function, and a great many of these gripes and annoyances filter back to Washington.

First of all, when the newly assigned diplomat arrives in Peking, there is no gratitude for recognition. Expectations of finding stately quarters for an embassy are quickly dashed. In Peking's "diplomatic ghetto" the rundown structures are far out of town that one foreign officer calls them "half way to Siberia."

An appointment at the foreign ministry? An envoy usually waits for days, then winds up seeing an underling. The Chinese take special delight in harassing the Yugoslavs and Indians, who are often summoned in the middle of the night to pick up routine communiques. Then there are the wives, who have complaints too, viz: ► Requests for essential supplies like toilet paper are ignored.

► Servants are government-appointed and surly.

► Routine transactions like getting a driver's license are nearly impossible.

► At the only authorized vacation resort, Peitaiho, diplomats and families are restricted to certain beaches and forbidden to fish, except under escort.

► Even so, there is a new spate of jazzy travel ads in Paris newspapers and some

exchange of students with the French. And recently Peking hostesses have been astonished when Chinese officials actually did show up at embassy cocktail parties.

JUST SHORT OF CENSORSHIP

Maybe neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night can stop the mail. But deliveries of printed matter from overseas can be held up for as long as a month while a government employee is deciding whether it is Communist propaganda. Such postal surveillance, undertaken in this country during World War II and resurrected briefly during the Korean War, was first allowed to lapse, then was junked altogether by President Kennedy in March 1961. But 18 months later Congress put the postal and customs authorities back in the Big Brother business.

The screening job involves looking at every piece of unsolicited mail entering the U.S. from Iron Curtain countries and certain other points—e.g., Japan, Mexico and Hong Kong. Except for government agencies, colleges, libraries and some individual addressees who are exempt, everybody to whom a book, newspaper, magazine or pamphlet is addressed from designated countries has it held up. If an item is deemed subversive propaganda, the addressee gets a card from the post office. Does he *really* want this stuff? If he signs and returns the card to Washington he gets the material without further question. His name, of course, winds up in a file somewhere—on a list of people who wanted Communist propaganda.

This stops just short of out-and-out censorship, but in the view of many people it still comes too close for comfort. Four individuals have sued the post office, claiming that the constitutional right of free speech is being subtly abridged. Two suits are expected to be heard by the Supreme Court this spring.

Meanwhile, of the mountains of mail sifted—nearly 6 million pieces of it in December 1964 alone—less than 4% gets destroyed. The manpower bill for this operation comes to an estimated \$450,000 a year. "It costs us more *not* to deliver this mail," admits a high-ranking postal official, "than it would to deliver it."

HERBERT THE ACE RECRUITER

One congressman who has a full set of ruffled feathers because of the Air Force Academy cheating scandals (LIFE, Feb. 12) is Louisiana Democrat E. Edward Hébert, chairman of the House Armed Forces Subcommittee which oversees all three service schools. "It nauseates me to hear this described as an athletic scandal," Hébert snorts. "Why, less than a third of the football team was involved."



► This 1913 textile strike in Paterson, N.J., led by "Big Bill" Haywood (background, center), was one of many memories evoked by a legal action pending in Washington last week. Fifty years ago Haywood's Industrial Workers of the World (the "Wobblies") was a radical union with 100,000 members; it still claims 1,000. Now the

attorney for a Canadian-born Wobbly named Fred Thompson has petitioned the Justice Department to remove the I.W.W. from the Attorney General's "subversive list." Big Bill is long gone (he died in Russia in 1928) and no one in Justice takes the Wobblies seriously anymore—probably not even seriously enough to answer the petition.

Hébert, who was the Tulane manager in 1923 (but never a player), has a special empathy with football at Colorado Springs—and at Annapolis and West Point, for that matter. In fact, he regards himself as chief recruiter of athletes for the service academies, saying proudly, "I guess you might say this is the head pro-licensing office in the country."

The three academy football coaches visit Hébert frequently; Air Force football coach Ben Martin was in Hébert's living room when he first learned of the cheating scandal. When one of the academy coaches fingers a potential football star, Hébert and his staff huddle with the boy's congressman, urging him to make an appointment.

Hébert argues that good teams draw big crowds and that gate receipts finance essential physical fitness programs. Moreover, he says, "Kids look up to athletes." Unquestionably Hébert does—and without a blush.

AND NOW SILVER TROUBLE

Not too many years ago Americans were singing, "Put another nickel in the nickelodeon . . ." We put nickels in jukeboxes, all right, and we also poured dimes, quarters and half dollars by the armored carload into all kinds of vending machines. This disruption in the flow of coins helped create a silver shortage. The vending-machine people are not the only ones to blame; the country's 8 million numismatists contribute to the problem, as do piggy-bank savers. The Treasury is now running its two mints full time, making a huge dent in the nation's silver bullion supply at a time when industrial demands for silver are rising rapidly.

What to do? Import silver? Other countries are also running low. Mine more of it? Miners say that's not profitable at the present fixed price of \$1.29 an ounce.

One proposal would reduce the silver content in coins. Simultaneously the silver price would be allowed to rise. Miners think it would go to about \$4 an ounce in a free market,

making it worthwhile for them to dig again.

The Treasury is now testing substitute metals and will make its recommendations to Congress in April. Meanwhile the \$3.5 billion-a-year vending-machine industry is holding its breath. If the government decides to cut the silver in coins significantly, then all vending machines which have delicate sensing devices to reject counterfeits will have to be refigured. That, they say, would cost a pretty piece of change—around \$100 million.

JOE KENNEDY BOOK: PRIVATE

Though the magic name of Kennedy is enough to put almost any book on the best-seller lists, one Kennedy book near completion will never make the lists at all. This book, published privately with a circulation of about 500 copies, will be an anthology about 76-year-old Joseph P. Kennedy, the ailing family patriarch.

Senator Edward Kennedy got the idea for the book while recuperating from his plane crash injuries last year. He asked for brief, intimate essays about his father from around 70 college classmates, boyhood chums, business and government associates, old friends, neighbors and members of the family. The contributors include such familiar names as RCA chairman David Sarnoff and columnist Arthur Krock. Sarnoff, for example, remembers how Kennedy got Pope Pius XI to persuade Mussolini to let conductor Arturo Toscanini visit the U.S. just before World War II began.

The book will resemble a volume put out privately by the family on the eldest Kennedy son, Joseph Jr., after his death in air combat over England in 1944. Those close to the family say that the new project was launched partly as a family rebuttal to Richard J. Whalen's current best-seller, *The Founding Father*, a critical appraisal of Kennedy's days in the Senate. But another purpose is also in Ted Kennedy's mind. He wants to provide the Kennedy grandchildren with a warm forget-me-not about their remarkable grandfather.



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Complete
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Here's the most complete frozen beef dinner ever put in a single package. First course: piping hot Campbell's Tomato Soup. Second course: lean slices of tender beef in natural beef gravy, with hashed brown potatoes and golden corn in butter sauce. For dessert: sweet 'n' tangy Cherry Crisp. Only Swanson makes 3 Course Dinners, and this new Beef Dinner is the latest addition. There's also Turkey, Salisbury Steak, and Fried Chicken. Try 'em next time you feel like eating a complete 3 Course Dinner.



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CALF BONES TO MEND PEOPLE

The technician at right is stripping flesh from the leg bone of a calf—the first step of a new process that enables surgeons to repair defective or broken human bones with pieces cut from the bones of animals. It was some 150 years ago that doctors figured out how to graft bone, and ever since they have been plagued by a shortage of supply. Most often, for compatibility, they preferred to quarry the needed bone from the patient himself. In cases where this was not feasible, they have had to rely upon live donors, who understandably are hard to come by, or more frequently, upon bone banks of skeletal parts from cadavers. Because of technical and legal difficulties, however, most hospitals have had trouble maintaining adequate bone banks.

The calf bone technique, which will dramatically solve the problem of supply, was developed by the Squibb Institute for Medical Research at

New Brunswick, N.J. and given official approval by the Food and Drug Administration. Once the flesh of the calf has been removed, the bones are cut into a variety of sizes and shapes (*next page*) and put through a series of chemical, detergent and sterile water baths to remove all fat, connective tissue and blood cells that might cause a human recipient to reject an implant.

Calves are used not only because they are easy to obtain but also because their bones are much more porous than human bones and thus are highly suitable as a matrix into which new bone tissue will grow. In the first few weeks after a transplant, the host's blood vessels penetrate the spaces in the calf bone (shown in the extraordinary photograph below) and fill them with new bone cells. Several months after the operation, all trace of the calf bone disappears, and healthy new bone takes on its precise shape and contour.

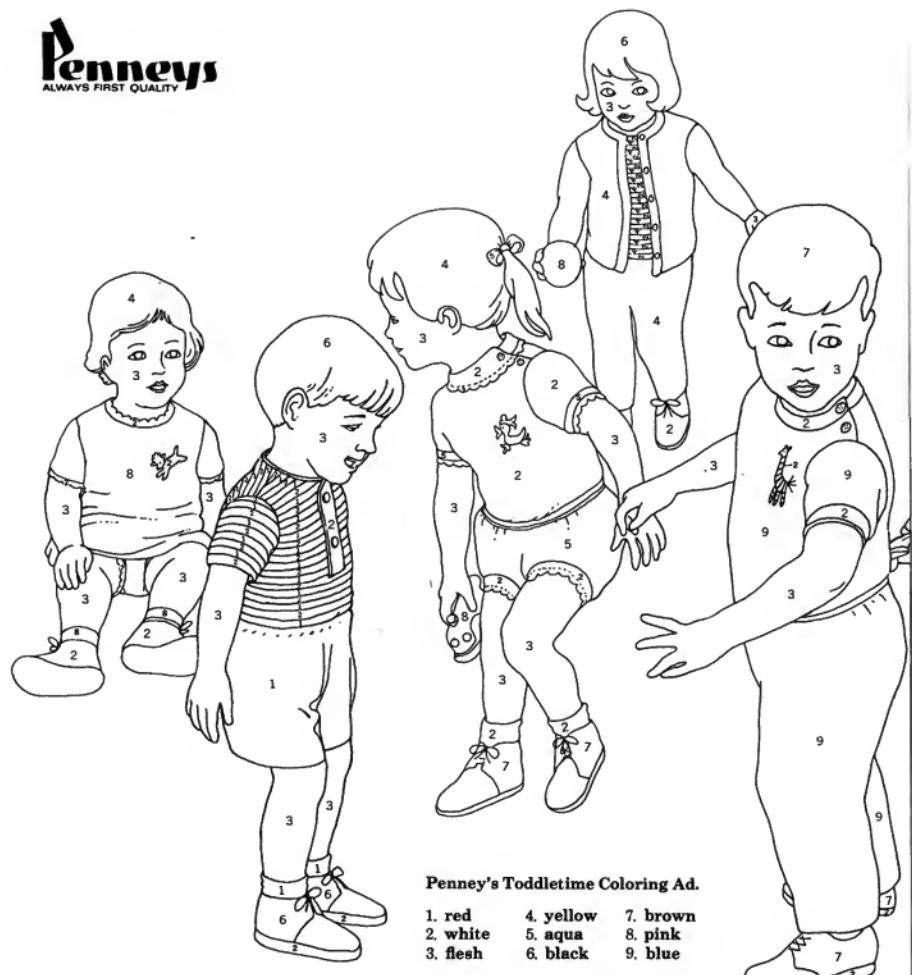


Calf bone is processed in surgical cleanliness. Below, microscopic cross section of graft in dog shows blood vessels entering the porous calf bone.

... AND HERE'S HOW A GRAFT TAKES ROOT



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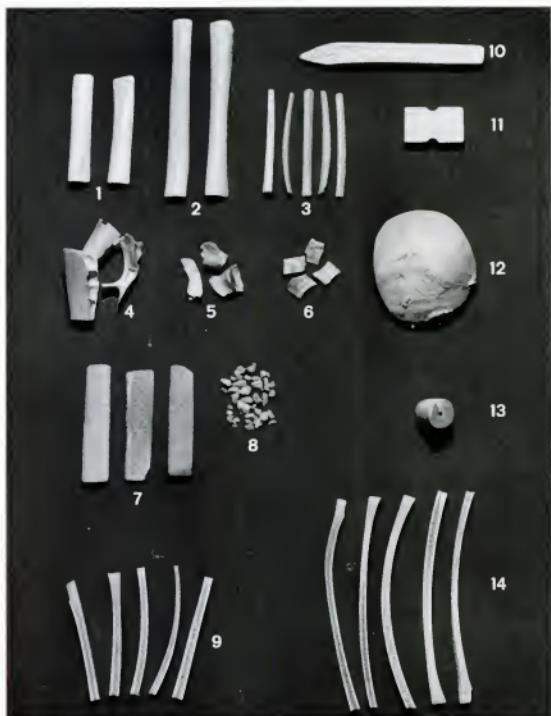


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Color these little ones according to number. Make their Toddletime® Matched Sets as bright as you can. They're all Acrilan®, you see. The acrylic fiber that machine washes, machine dries, and never fades. Come to any Penney's 1700 stores to see the real red, the real blue, the real yellow, the real aqua, the real pink. And special features like plastic-lined seats, snap crotches, and garment-shaped plastic hangers. Infants', boys', or girls' two-piece sets, \$2.98. Cardigan, \$1.98. Short-sleeved shirts, \$1.79. Sizes $\frac{1}{2}$ to 3. Chemstrand, New York 1, Division of Monsanto.

ASSORTED SIZES TO FIT AND FIX



Like lumber and wood trim available to the home repairman, processed calf bone comes in an assortment of sizes and shapes which the surgeon can order as he needs or store on his shelf. Heavy pieces (1 and 2) are used to provide strength for spinal fusions and mending fractures, and the slender pieces (3) to fuse deformed wrist and ankle joints. Three types are taken from calf embryos—jaw and eye-socket pieces (4) used in facial plastic surgery; eye-socket chips (5) and cartilage (6) used for rebuilding noses. Spongy slabs (7) and ground bone (8) are used to fill bone defects. Three-inch strips (9) can be bound like barrel staves around fractures. Awaiting FDA approval are five additional types: a peg (10) for fractured hips and notched pieces (11) for spinal reinforcement, both fashioned from the sturdier bone of an adult steer; a curved plate (12) for skull injuries, and a plug (13) and strips (14) for spinal column repairs. At left, a technician cuts his raw material to size with a band saw.



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See Admiral on the Andy Williams Show in color on NBC-TV every Monday night. New for 1965: SALEM, LD246 (above, left), in Early American; ASBURY, LD261 (right), in Danish Modern. Handcarved in genuine wood veneers and hardwood solids.

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stay pure automatically. Everything's at your fingertips in the exclusive Admiral Tilt-Out Control Center (patent pending). Tune standing up, easily and naturally. You have to see new 1965 Admiral quality Color TV to believe it. A demonstration will amaze you!

A Good Drizzle After a Big Sizzle



A desert cloudburst as called for by the script is a tough thing to command on location. So it was back to the studio sprinklers for Yvette Mimieux and Gilbert Roland, who holds a parasol.



Despite the dainty parasol that he limply held aloft in a studio sound-stage downpour, there was joy in the soul of actor Gilbert Roland over the simple fact of getting cool and wet. He and actress Yvette Mimieux (above) had just returned from a sweltering five weeks in California's Death Valley, where 20th Century-Fox had gone on location to shoot a film called *The Reward*. It is the story of six men and a girl lost in a sizzling desert, and as it turned out, making the film was even more painful than it will look on the screen. Everything made of metal was untouchable, as one shirtless cameraman discovered when he brushed against a camera boom and seared the skin off his back. Feet and fingernails ached from the fiery sun, and a nurse who had come along to treat the sufferers went berserk. The only person not discomfited was a talented French director, Serge Bourguignon, who was making his first U.S. film and had already toughened his hide making documentary film shorts in the Sahara and Sumatra. He was so hard on his actors that they forgot the heat—and their steamy complaints (next page) became a veritable beef Bourguignon.

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50% STRONGER
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Ordinary pain relievers are usually plain aspirin—or simple aspirin combinations. But new Excedrin® contains not one or two, but four medically endorsed ingredients.

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No wonder millions are turning to Excedrin for fast, effective relief—even from pain that really hurts!

New Excedrin, the extra-strength pain reliever.

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*Worse

*than the devil**

They called it "Little Napoleon's Desert Campaign," and there was no question who was Napoleon. Bourguignon (*above*) is a jockey-sized 35-year-old Frenchman untroubled by sunburn and not at all burdened by self-doubts. His first and only feature film prior to *The Reward* was a little French gem called *Sundays and Cybele*, and its success as an international prize winner may have convinced him he could do no wrong.

Out in Death Valley, there was no argument about his artistry—but plenty about his methods of achieving it. Cast and crew came to regard him as an egomaniac, slave driver or sadist. And even though he himself insists, "I am patient as an angel," he adds proudly, "and worse than the devil."

Bourguignon manifested his tyranny in a small but significant way over Gilbert Roland, and it had to do with Roland's mustache. For 25 years the oldtime film star's tidy mustache has virtually been his trademark. To ask him to shave it off would be akin to asking Jimmy Durante to have a nose job.

But Bourguignon had other ideas. He didn't think the mustache fitted the character of the mystical Mexican police chief that Gilbert played. "I also had the feeling," said Bourguignon with a grin, as if he were an Indian chief collecting scalps. "That Gilbert must give me the gift of his mustache. I want him to play without its protection. We have several fights over it. But we do it. We cut it off, step by step."

Shooting in Death Valley was Bourguignon's own idea, and as he romped hatless and shirtless in the sun, he was obviously as indifferent to the temperamental problems the heat might create for his actors as he himself was to sheer physical discomfort. "Our story is about seven people and five horses on a long, killing trek," he explained, "and the heat makes it easier for the cast to suffer."

Suffering was a commodity in plentiful supply. In one scene Yvette Mimieux was ordered to faint in the saddle, roll off her horse and fall to the ground. This kind of action is usually handled by stunt doubles at \$100 a fall. But Bourguignon persuaded Yvette, who is a good horsewoman, to do the fall herself. Dissatisfied with her first try, he ordered a second. Yvette obliged. Then he called for a third, fourth, and a fifth. As the delicate-looking blonde kept tumbling to the ground, the crew members became more and more outraged, and muttered, "sadist." Bourguignon was finally satisfied after 11 falls.

As if hellbent to break Yvette's spirit, Bourguignon one day started bawling her out. He upbraided her for "smiling" while other actors were playing a dramatic scene. When Yvette protested her innocence, he became even more abusive. Furious and hurt, Yvette kept her silence. But she was trembling with resentment. Moments later, when she played the next scene, she was obviously in a state of shock—which was exactly what Bourguignon wanted because the young lady was watching a young man in his death throes. Using an old director's trick known as "psyching" an actor, Bourguignon had

CONTINUED

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Italians make 317 different kinds of pasta. We make only one kind of Tomato Paste. Our deep, red, robust Contadina. Just like the Old Country, except a little better, because we put eight great California tomatoes in our little bitty can. Try our Pasta with a new pasta, tonight. It tastes every bit as good on rigatini as it does on spaghetti. Especially if you make a rich, thick sauce like this:

ALL PURPOSE PASTA SAUCE

1/2 cup chopped onion	2 1/4 cups water	1/2 tsp. sugar
1/4 cup olive oil	1/4 tsp. salt	1 tbsp. chopped
2-6 oz. cans Contadina	1/4 tsp. garlic salt	parsley
Tomato Paste	1/2 tsp. pepper	1/4 tsp. oregano
		1 bay leaf

Sauté onion in olive oil. Stir in Contadina Tomato Paste. Slowly add water to mixture, stirring constantly. Add remaining ingredients. Simmer 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove bay leaf before serving. Makes 3 cups, plenty for 1 lb. of pasta.





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This you may not believe.

But even with as many cars as we build, it is possible that we could go through this entire year without building any two of these Super Sports exactly alike.

You see, the whole automobile market is changing. Today people want cars with all kinds of special things; cars equipped pretty much just for them.

So that's the way you can order a Super

Sport—specially equipped. We'll cram the next paragraph with just some of the custom touches you may include, besides the extraordinary new engine and the year-round air-conditioning system mentioned above:

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Seven-position Comfortilt steering wheel. Power steering, brakes, windows. Padded instrument panel. Remote-control spotlights. Tachometer. Even a special suspension, if you like.

Your Chevrolet dealer has a book that lists everything you can have us build into it. He'll be glad to show it to you.

But before you leave this page thinking an Impala Super Sport isn't much until you add to it, let us assure you that it comes equipped with



tailor for you.

IMPALA SUPER SPORT

considerably more than the bare necessities.

The special touches you get

You get front bucket seats, molded into shape with extra-thick foam cushioning. There's a center console with a compartment that locks and a rally-type electric clock. There are gauges on the instrument panel for everything, instead of warning lights. The deep-twist carpeting runs up behind the chrome-edged

accelerator, clutch and brake pedals, all around the vents in the side panels and even part way up the doors.

So you could hardly describe it as stripped down.

One last pleasant note we'd like to end on. It's about price.

This is a custom-tailored Chevrolet we're talking about. So it's like ordering a suit from a wonderful little old tailor who hasn't heard

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Only 60 miles to the neighborhood garage. When you're this far from help, it's important to know you can trust the working parts in your car. That's why you should take special care when you buy a battery, filter, plugs, shock absorbers or other replacement parts.

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After you've narrowed the choice in LIFE, visit your local dealer and ask for the brands you've seen Advertised-in-LIFE. Both you and your car will be happier for it.

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'I have God-given self-confidence'

SIZZLE CONTINUED

delivered his tirade merely to prepare Yvette for the scene.

On one rare occasion, Bourguignon actually changed his plan to accommodate an actor, a 60-year-old Mexican star named Emilio Fernandez. "We broke his knee the other day," Bourguignon laughed like a schoolboy as he recalled the episode. The problem, it seems, was to find a way to make things easier for Fernandez, who had to execute a difficult jump onto a horse. His solution was to conceal a rock behind a wall which Fernandez could step on as he mounted the horse. But the director's benevolence was soon overcome by his passion for perfection. Battling gamely, Fernandez went through the routine time after time, his leg in agony. "Faster, faster," called Bourguignon. The 12th try worked. After it, Fernandez limped off to a chair in the shade and collapsed.

Bourguignon says, "I try to do something different each time, try to surprise the actors, try to provoke reaction. You must know if what the actor does is good for the structure of the film as a whole."

You become wide open to feelings, to sensations, to nuances, to little things. I know when I have it. I have a God-given self-confidence."

This self-confidence was never more evident than on the occasions when the director indulged one of his favorite sports. An avid horseman who once competed in gentleman's races in Europe, Bourguignon had a habit of jumping into the saddle and taking off at a gallop across the desert. If a hoof had hit a pot hole—and the ground was pitted with them—the horse would have been a goner, and very likely so would the rider.

This hardly endeared him to the head wrangler, who was responsible for keeping the horses in good shape. But most of the crew and actors in *The Reward*, no matter how badly they've been upset, are sure of two things. They all feel they have made a good film. And they feel that Bourguignon has not been any softer on himself than on anybody else, man or beast.

BY DAVID ZEITLIN

■ ■ ■ apply for Yvette and Bourguignon, scenes were shot at Lake Meade where they played it cool.



Here's the brand-new
1965 Hide-A-Bed Sofa by Simmons.
New slim, trim, off-the-floor
styling...deep, easy-sitting comfort...
new smooth, streamlined construction.
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Persimmon-colored?



Sleek?



Early American?



Flounced?



Wood-winged?



Patterned?



Buttoned?



Tailored?



Spanish?



Tufted?



Colonial?



Walnut-trimmed?



Lawson?



Deep-tufted?



Slope-armed?



Loose-pillowed?



Contemporary?



Matelassé?



Skirtless?



Bolstered?



Slim-armed?



Single-cushioned?



Castered?



Formal?



Houndstooth?



Flowered?



Lougey?



Quilted?



Danish styled?



Modern?



Two-cushioned?



Kick-pleat skirted?



Button-less?



Box-pleat skirted?



Tuxedo?

There's one styled for every room setting, priced from \$199.95 to \$695. And in the 1965 Hide-A-Bed® you even have new spacious, stretch-out Super Size mattresses—including Beautyrest®.



Simmons
Maker of the famous
Beautyrest Mattress
and Hide-A-Bed Sofa.





When there's no man around...

She's stranded. Helpless.

A flat tire and no one in sight to change it. But with the LifeGuard Safety Spare she won't have to change a tire.

Because the LifeGuard is not just a shield or tube, but a fully-inflated tire, with tread, cord and bead. Designed to keep her going even with a flat, puncture... or blowout.

The secret is two tires. One inside the other. The outside tire is the Double Eagle. It's made with exclusive Vytacord polyester... the "dream cord" that's strong as nylon and smooth riding as rayon... yet makes a

cooler-running tire than both.

And like all Goodyear auto tires, the Double Eagle is made with Tufsyn rubber, that's 25% more durable.

In fact, the Double Eagle is the toughest, longest-wearing tire you can buy.

Add the optional LifeGuard Safety Spare and it becomes the safest tire in the world.

Chances are the Double Eagle will never let her down. But if it should, the LifeGuard Safety Spare takes over.

She won't have to stop to change tires... even with a blowout. It's almost as good as having a man around.

Goodyear should be.



Double Eagle, LifeGuard, Tufsyn, Vytacord—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

**GO
GO GOOD** **YEAR**

More People Ride On Goodyear Tires Than On Any Other Kind



Even Pop Art Is Used to Dress Up New Models

Far-out Refrigerators

In their push to make the U.S. a nation of two-refrigerator families, manufacturers have forsaken the functional look for the far-out—even resorting to pop art. Here, framed by an ice igloo, are some of Kelvinator's new models, designed to go anywhere in the house. The old school seal and the birthday-

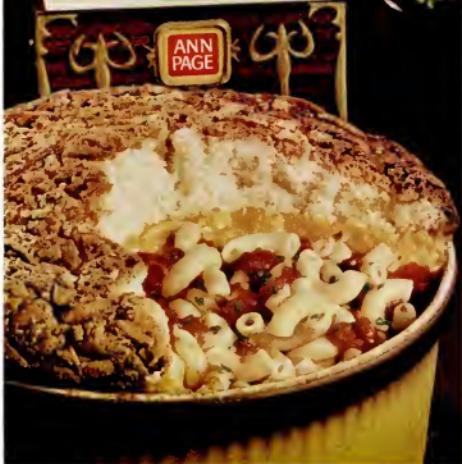
card sentry would suit a playroom. The cowhide-covered model would go in a man's den. So could the pop-art playing card. Simulated leather and Chinese dragons look elegant enough for a living room, while weathered oak with iron hinges and handle (top) lends coziness to any room—even the kitchen.

A RECIPE TO TREASURE

...from
Ann Page

MAIN COURSE MACARONI PUFF

Cook and drain 1 c. Ann Page Elbow Macaroni. Combine with a 1-lb. 1-oz. can Italian style tomatoes, drained; 1 envelope ranch dressing mix; 1/2 tsp. basil. Place in 1 1/2 qt. casserole. Add 1 c. grated cheese. Sprinkle 3/4 of mixture over macaroni. Beat 2 Tbsp. reserved tomato juice with 1/2 c. Ann Page Mayonnaise and add Dressing mix; add 1/2 c. 1/2 tsp. salt and 1/4 tsp. Cayenne; fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour over macaroni mixture; cover with remaining cheese. Bake 45 minutes at 350. Serve immediately. Makes 4 servings.



Ann Page Macaroni makes this Lenten dish "second-helping" good

A real scene stealer, this. What happens when Ann Page Macaroni joins forces with tomatoes, eggs and cheese is a zesty, puffy-textured casserole that's more than a meal. Ann Page Macaroni cooks up firm yet tender, makes the dish hearty but not heavy. Not expensive either. Less than 22¢* a serving.

Ann Page Macaroni Products spark many great dishes, American and Italian favorites. They're made in A&P's own Ann Page plants, sold only at A&P. This eliminates needless in-between expenses, and you share the savings. Again and again. Ann Page proves fine foods needn't be expensive.

*COST BASED UPON A&P PRICES AT PRESS TIME.

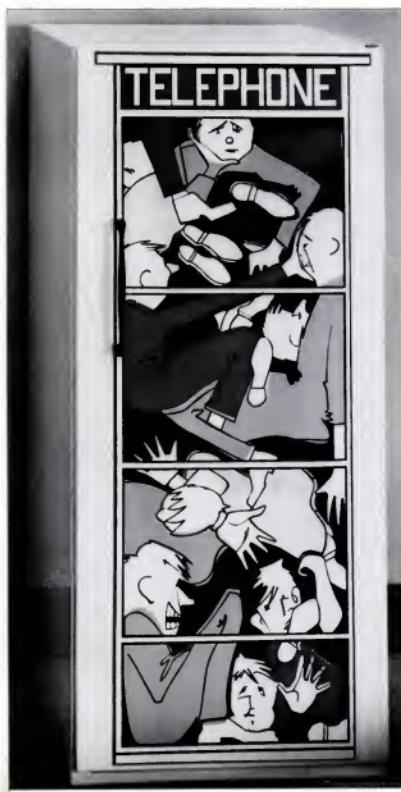


ANN PAGE FOODS—SOLD ONLY AT YOUR A&P



Front doors
are like
the funnies

The comic strip approach, which pop artists adopt, is used on these refrigerators. The Conestoga wagon sports a wheel as its door handle. Phone booth comes in flat colors seen in the funnies. These refrigerators cost 50% to 100% more than standard models.





All it takes is one great hairdresser or...

Coiffure Italienne by Max Factor

Discovered in Rome. Acclaimed in Paris.

The hairsetting gel that sets, conditions
and highlights your hair in one easy step *without changing
its color*. Created in 7 shades...one just right for you.



For a limited time,
free with each tube, this
professional styling comb
and this step by step
styling booklet featuring
8 of the most sought after
hair styles of the season.



Plymouth Fury. Pace Car.

This is the official Pace Car of the 1965 Indianapolis 500.
You can buy one just like it.

The car you see is a big,
plush Plymouth Sport Fury Convertible.

It's not a race car. But it has power
to spare. It can pace the pack
to the starting gate at Indianapolis.

Plymouth Fury sets the pace off the
track, too. It looks wonderful cruising
along within the speed limit.
Or even standing still at a stoplight.

Picture yourself in a Plymouth Fury.
It's a snap. Just head for
your nearby Plymouth Dealer's.

Like zoom.



THE ROARING '65s
FURY
BELVEDERE
VALIANT
BARRACUDA
Plymouth

PLYMOUTH DIVISION  CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION

FASHION

Styles too are pushed further out by pop

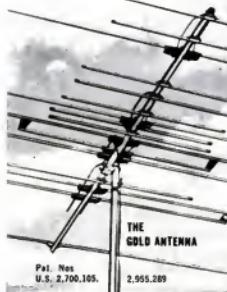
In this exuberant year of crazy haircuts, above-knee skirts and giddy stockings, the fashion designers in search of something even further out have—like refrigerator makers (*pp. 55, 56*)—turned to pop art. A dozen junior miss firms are busily running up little sleeveless shifts to serve as human canvases for the carefully delineated mundane objects which pop artists love to glorify. The dresses display a man's waistcoat and watch, beads and zippers, and for a real clincher, that famous can of soup. Pop fashions already have it made in the U.S. where teen-agers are collecting them as avidly as their elders collect painted classics by pop masters like Warhol and Lichtenstein. According to visiting Londoner Jill Stuart, who poses here, they are a threat to those invading far-out styles, the French *yé-yé's* and her hometown Chelsea look.

Jill Stuart wears a simple cotton dress (*Crazy Horse*, \$15) printed in pop art style. Her vest is parody of real ones worn by the British singing pair, Chad and Jeremy. Chad is Jill's husband.



Significant Winegard Antenna Development for Better Color TV

Improves black and white, too



Fat. No.
U.S. 3,700,105.

THE
GOLD ANTENNA
2,955.289

Although the Winegard antenna was designed to meet the critical standards for color TV, it is also the most sensitive antenna you can own for your black and white TV. Color pictures become brighter, clearer, more lifelike. Black & white reception becomes sharper with greater clarity and contrast, even in difficult reception areas.

Can a TV antenna make this much difference? Yes!

But aren't all TV antennas pretty much alike? No!

There are two reasons Winegard Colortrons outperform ordinary antennas. (1) A patented Electro-Lens design intercepts more TV signals... but rejects interfering signals. (2) The TV signal is then amplified by an electronic power pack.

The effect on your reception is this: often you can pull in stations you couldn't reach before. Pictures, on all channels, become brighter, sharper. There's signal power to spare... if you like, you can operate up to 6 sets from one Colortron antenna.

Colortrons are rugged, too. Wind tested to 100 mph. Permanent GOLD ANODIZED finish won't weather-wear—stays like new for years.

For the best reception, a Winegard Colortron is a wise investment. 4 models from \$24.95, electronic power pack extra... satisfaction guaranteed. *Ask your service dealer or write for full story.

*Guarantee in force for 90 days after installation.

Winegard Co.

3025-C Kirkwood, Burlington, Iowa

POP STYLES CONTINUED

Printed trimmings are an artful outsize spoof

Bold polka dot collar and tie and oversized hip belt are screen-printed on above-the-knee shifts (each \$15, Bandbox Junior Petties). They are worn

here by Jill (right) and American teenager Paula Feiten with no other accessories but their swinging, shoulder-length hair, black stockings or boots.





Come to
where
the flavor
is.
Come to
Marlboro
Country

You get a lot to like
with a Marlboro.
Filter, flavor, pack or box.





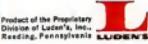
PRODUCT OF THE CONFECTIONERY DIVISION OF LUDEN'S, INC., READING, PA., U.S.A.



Some of the most soothing medication in the world goes into Luden's Cough Drops. 1. The soothing coolness of menthol. 2. The smoothness of honey. 3. The soothing tartness of lemon. 4. The refreshing flavor of wild cherry. These pure, soothing ingredients are taken from nature to give you quick, effective relief of a cough when you have a cold. Luden's—the most soothing, the most carefully made cough drops in the world.



Product of the Proprietary Division of Luden's, Inc., Reading, Pennsylvania



Zipper doesn't work but beads lend glamor

Giant zipper pretends to fasten front of dress above (Crazy Horse, \$15)—kiddin, in pop fashion, one most practical and unglamorous part of apparel. (Real zipper in back doesn't show.) Glamorous beads cover most of facade of dress below (Keltia, \$15) contrasting with Orphan Annie black stockings.





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Available in many forms and sizes, readily workable into countless more, wood can satisfy any requirement of design and detail. You get the new home you want, the space you need, all the comfort and convenience you yearn for . . . and the monthly payments you can afford. Whether you build or buy, wood has a way of making more dreams-per-dollar come true.

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uses for man's most traditional building material . . . new construction techniques, new preservatives and finishes, new ways to add luxury without adding cost. That is why today's home of wood is history's greatest shelter value, as well as your family's best place to live.

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NATIONAL LUMBER MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION



How do you get the truth through?

It's not easy.

The Iron Curtain is a tough barrier. It's not easily crossed. It runs for thousands of miles across the center of a whole continent. On the Communist side there is little freedom.

There is less truth.

The Communist leaders in Eastern Europe don't always talk straight to the people about what's going on in the world—or even what's happening at home. When they do talk, the talk doesn't always ring true.

And yet the truth does get through, every day. How?

The Iron Curtain isn't soundproof.

And so the truth is broadcast, through the air where it can't be stopped by walls and guards, up to 18 hours every day to millions of captive people in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Romania and Hungary.

The truth is broadcast by Radio Free Europe.

The Communist rulers have set up a monopoly on news and information in Eastern Europe; Radio Free Europe has been set up to break this monopoly. It analyzes all information, true and false, sifts out the false, then broadcasts the news, without bias or distortion. Talking to people in their own languages, Radio Free Europe tell them what's really going on at home, behind the Iron Curtain and world-wide.

Radio Free Europe is a bridge of *truth* between two blocks: the captive and the free.

Most important: Radio Free Europe—because it exists and continues to exist—helps these millions hold onto the will for freedom and the drive for freedom.

Will you help get the truth through? Radio Free Europe is a private American enterprise; it depends on voluntary subscriptions.

Whatever you can contribute will mean a great deal to a good many people behind the Iron Curtain.

The Iron Curtain isn't soundproof.

Give to Radio Free Europe, Box 1985, ML Vernon, N.Y.



Published as a public service in cooperation with The Advertising Council

POP STYLES CONTINUED

You can bring the first course to dinner on your dress

Some of the most famous pieces of pop art are Andy Warhol's paintings of Campbell's soup cans. He has made 32 oils of this familiar first course, and has sold them for \$1,500 each. He also autographs actual 12¢ cans of tomato soup, selling them at 8¢ each. But this dress by Crazy Horse costs only \$15.





RICE (*Oryza sativa*)

One of the world's most
nourishing grains—a
storehouse of thiamine,
niacin and iron



© 1965 by Kellogg Company. Rice Krispies is a trademark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.; of Kellogg Company for its oven-toasted rice.

Today's rice speaks up with new authority

There's an inviting new look to the honored goodness of rice. (*Oryza sativa*, as botanists call it, is one of the world's most nourishing grains—a storehouse of thiamine, niacin, iron.) This sprightly new look bespeaks the fact that "Snap! Crackle! Pop!" is no longer simply small talk. It is, rather, a clear and clean-cut invitation to elegant taste. Do accept it.

"The best to you each morning"

Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES



Decorated Meringue



No color added

Sunkist Oranges don't grow on trees!

Because they can't be Sunkist Oranges while they're on the tree. First, they have to be carefully picked, carefully washed, and carefully inspected several times by quality control experts. Only

oranges that pass these rigid quality tests are selected to carry the famed Sunkist name. For juice and flavor-loaded oranges, choose the ones the experts selected for you — Sunkist!

Sunkist®

If you could see inside oranges,
you'd buy Sunkist every time!

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POP STYLES CONTINUED



Pop art make-up, by Charles of the Ritz, combines striped nails, painted-on lashes and a fake tear.

The more mundane, the better it suits pop

The Mona Lisa reproduced on a dish towel is not at all the same thing as a Campbell's soup can on a summer dress. While the first was a gag, the second could be high fashion—and as the garishly decorated eyelashes and fingernails show above, fashion can be funneled indeed. Back in 1962 a young man called Andy Warhol staggered the art world with his straightforward "portraits" of Campbell's soup cans. Art critics, tired of having to whip up abstract phrases to describe abstract painting, were enchanted. Warhol's soup cans, they explained, were a satirical comment on a sick civilization that no longer makes its own soups. "Not at all," replied Warhol promptly. "I just think Campbell's soup cans are so beautiful."

As early as 1960 Jasper Johns had thought beer cans so beautiful he had cast them in bronze. Soon a raft of new young American artists appeared on the scene. James Rosenquist was reducing billboard advertisements to wall-size paintings. Roy Lichtenstein was making pictures that looked like frames from comic strips. And Claes Oldenburg was busy in his cuisine making yummy (plaster) pies and gooey, cafeteria-style cakes, as well as huge, juicy hamburgers. Before long everybody (almost) was saying: the artifacts of the American Way of Life are "so beautiful."

Manufacturers have never been slow to follow art trends. It was the shy recluse, Piet Mondrian, composing in solitude his squares and rectangles in primary colors, who, in the '30s, unwittingly revolutionized linoleum design and plastic table tops. It was Jackson Pollock who, in the '50s, caused poppies and full-blown roses to fade from printed fabrics, to be replaced by drip and other abstract expressionist designs.

Now manufacturers are catching on to the possibilities of pop art. But in the first flush of their enthusiasm the boundaries of pop art itself tend to become fuzzy. Thus, a covered wagon (page 56) is not really pop unless it obviously is a prop on TV's

Wagon Train. A drag-racing car would be more contemporary. British Pop Artist Gerald Laing has made a specialty of painting dragsters in action, trailing their gaudy, billowing parachutes. For the essence of pop is that its subject matter should be absolutely contemporary and deliberately mundane. Refrigerators, for example, in all their pure, white simplicity, have been incorporated in works by pop artists, notably Tom Wesselmann, who has also used radios, television sets and other appliances, in perfect working order.

Just because Andy Warhol focused chiefly on Campbell's soup cans is no reason why manufacturers should not branch out on their own, once given the lead. There are many other canned products that would look equally well on dress fabrics and slip covers. The label on the Dole Hawaiian Pineapple Juice can, for example, comes in refreshing shades of blue and yellow. The Royal Raspberry Gelatin package has a magnificent ruby-red jelly mold motif. Heinz Vegetarian Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce comes in a leaf green that would look cool and crisp on summer dresses. Heinz Pork and Beans, on the other hand, comes in two rather boring shades of blue, and I would stay away from it.

No need commercial designers confine themselves to canned goods and other staples. Anything can get into the pop act, provided it is contemporary, corny or known from coast to coast. Pop art could, in the '60s, for example, introduce a new line of flowered fabrics. Not, heaven forbid, floral designs modeled on real flowers, but on the artificial, polyethylene kind, described by the manufacturer as "so real they fool the bees." In fact, I think commercial designers have a gold mine in pop in the offing, if only they will stay away from the corner gift shop and spend more time in the supermarket.

ROSALIND CONSTABLE

Help free America of stuffy noses.

Over 600 tiny "time pills" in a Contac® capsule work up to twelve hours to relieve stuffy nose, sniffles, and sneezes. Contac is today's largest-selling cold medication at your pharmacy.

'We are animals in a

A **LIFE** SERIES IN TWO PARTS

Pretty girl named Karen, pleasant young man named John—they could be hurrying to a movie, a supermarket, a college classroom. But they are drug addicts, headed for heroin, for a pusher with a fix. This series, reported and written by Associate Editor James Mills, tells what their lives are like and, in next week's instalment, what more could be done—to help the addict; to halt the flow of drugs and to clean up a tragic and tenacious social evil.

Photographed by BILL EPPRIDGE

world no one knows'





John and Karen, Two Lives Lost to Heroin

Four times a day, this is John and Karen, holed up with heroin. Faces desperate and intent, teeth pulling tight the tourniquet, grimy fingers squeezing fluid into the bloodstream, and then—peace. This is everything they live for; this is what heroin is all about. With this shot their problems vanish, and the world they cannot handle fades to leave them in solitary bliss.

No "square"—the addict's word for anyone who does not use drugs—can imagine the strength of heroin's hold. The addict will beg for it, walk miles for it, wait hours for it, covet for it, stay up days and nights on end to pursue it, steal from those he has loved for it, risk death for it. Heroin, more than any other drug, leads the greatest number of addicts to squalor and desperation.

The frightening power heroin holds over John and Karen is the subject of this essay and the article that follows. To outsiders, they sometimes seem to stroll (*preceding pages*), but always they are driven by the drug—he to thievery, she to prostitution, and both to "pushing" heroin to pay for their own supply. The drug urges them, as the story shows, to murky streets and ill-lit corners, through shabby rooms and in and out of hospitals and jails. It is their jealous lover, and their wrathful god.

Every day heroin wins a few new converts to its ranks, and now there are more addicts in America than authorities can successfully count. The Federal Narcotics Bureau estimates that the U.S. has 60,000 heroin addicts, but other less official counts climb into the hundreds of thousands. Half of the country's addicts live in New York City, and

almost all the others are in the slums of Detroit, Chicago and Los Angeles. Half are Negro. Only 20% are women. They commit an enormous number of crimes—more than 15% of New York City's burglaries (but less than 2% of its felonious assaults). Few are violent. Contrary to popular belief, it is not heroin that may lead to violence, but the excessive use of other drugs: amphetamines, barbiturates, cocaine, Doriden, marijuana.

The heroin addict is a very busy man. For those who would separate him from his heroin he has no use and no time. When he awakes in the morning he reaches instantly for his "works"—eye-dropper, needle ("spike," he calls it), and bottle top ("cooker"). He dissolves heroin in water in the cooker and injects the mixture. This is his "wake-up," a morning shot to hold off the anxiety and sickness of withdrawal and get him "straight" enough to start the day. If his habit is costing him \$20 a day, and that is not a large habit by any means, he must now start

out to steal at least \$100 worth of goods, knowing that a fence will give him only one-fifth the true value of his loot. When he has stolen something, he must haggle with his fence over the price. The argument seems interminable to him, for it has now been hours since his wake-up and he is getting nervous again, his eyes are watering and he is beginning to feel like a man coming down with a bad case of flu.

Finally he gets the money and begins his search for a "connection"—someone with heroin for sale. Not just any connection, but a connection who deals good quality stuff—"dynamite," not "garbage." Once the addict has bought his fix (has "copped" or "scored") he is faced with the risky business of getting it to his cooker and into his arm without getting caught and "busted" (arrested). When he has finally injected the heroin—he calls it "shooting up," "taking off," "getting off"—he may

or may not go on a "nod"—his eyelids heavy, his mind wandering pleasantly—depending on how much heroin his body has become accustomed to and how much actual heroin was in the powder he injected.

He hopes that the shot will be at least strong enough to make him straight for a few hours. He can judge immediately the quality of the shot. If it is strong enough, he calms down, the flu feeling leaves, and he instantly begins looking for money for the next shot.

What haunts the addict are anxieties, which only heroin can relieve. In the shaky families and oppressive environment of big-city slums, anxieties pile up fast—and it is in the teeming slums that heroin is handy. From friend to friend the drug spreads inexorably among the emotionally weak and unstable.

John and Karen have much in common with other big-city junkies. Karen is 26, John 24. Both had broken the law before they started on heroin—she as a prostitute in the Midwest, he as a thief in New York. Karen is the first in her family to use illegal drugs; but John has two addicted brothers, and a third died of an overdose.

Both John and Karen have used many drugs, but they prefer heroin to all the rest just as a gourmet prefers wine to beer. Both have been to jail (he 10 times, she twice) and to hospitals (he 4 times, she twice)—and have emerged each time to start their habits fresh.

John and Karen have been together—sleeping wherever they can find a place to lie down—for three years. They use the same last name, but never got around to formal marriage ("We did get a blood test once," says Karen). Karen's earnings as a prostitute also support John's habit, and he occasionally contributes a little money by breaking into parked cars, in which drivers may have left coin changers.

Both John and Karen are at times all but overcome by revulsion for their habit and for the horrifying, unseen world it forces them into. "We are animals," says Karen. "We are all animals in a world no one knows."



A stocking wrapped around her arm to make the vein stand out, Karen (left) waits for blood to start back into the eyerdropper—a sign the needle is in the vein. To get more pressure, she has replaced the dropper's small bulb with a nipple from a baby pacifier. John (right) also shoots directly into a vein (a practice known as "maulding") but he does it further up his arm.



Keeping a furtive eye out for detectives, Karen passes a pusher \$5 for a bag of heroin. Sometimes, like most junkies, she earns money for heroin by selling it herself. One such time, when

a pusher gave her a small supply of unusually pure heroin on consignment, she went quickly into business on a corner (below). Soon junkies were rushing up to her to arrange buys.



Almost all female addicts support their habit by prostitution, and Karen is no exception. After a \$10 "trick" with a "John" (customer) in a hotel, she leads him down back stairs (above, right), then stands lookout while John rifles cobs (below). Asked how many cabs he has "boosted," John said, "How many are in New York? I guess I make more off them than the owners."





Karen, once a show girl in a New York nightclub, grows nostalgic after a heroin shot (right) and begins to model clothes stolen from a friend's wife. Earlier she sat with John (below).

(right) while he tried to fix a radio taken from a cab. He gets many radios from taxis, and once turned up \$500 hidden under a seat—but was himself robbed of half of it by other junkies.



To get money, Karen prostitutes and pushes, John loots cabs



He visits her in a hospital: 'Stop nodding, they'll throw me out'



Visiting Karen in the hospital, Johnny showed up high on heroin and spent most of his time there nodding (above). Afraid that he would get her in trouble with the nurses, Karen yelled at him to stand up straight (right). "You're stoned, buddy! Stop that nodding before they throw me out!" He grumbled that he was not nodding, just awfully sleepy from not having had a place to lie down for three days. On several

later visits John brought her heroin and the needle and eyedropper needed to inject it. Why was she using stuff if she was there to kick the habit? "I just felt like getting high like any other human being would. I was bored. I'd been lying there in that hospital for a week, and when you're kicking and they're giving you methadone [a drug hospitals use to withdraw addicts from heroin] you just feel so normal."



Leaving for a hospital, Karen kisses a customer goodby, while John looks away. Her body had built up such a high tolerance to heroin that she was having trouble getting enough to hold off withdrawal symptoms. She knew that after a couple of weeks away from the drug in a hospital, she would be able to start her habit afresh—getting a stronger “high” from a smaller dose.

To win admittance to the hospital, Karen pretends to be in great pain from heroin withdrawal, while a nurse fills out forms. After a few questions and a quick search for drugs in her belongings, the hospital finally let her in.





The cops search them—and John gets locked up



A few days after she left the hospital, Karen stood with John on a street corner, unaware that they were closely watched by two narcotics detectives (one is behind the mailbox in the top picture at left). The detectives had heard that John and Karen were selling drugs and, for an hour, stayed near enough to watch what they were up to. Then when another addict walked up, brushed against them and kept on going, the detectives assumed that drugs had been passed, and moved in. One questioned Karen (center picture) while the other searched John's pockets and cuffs. Karen broke into tears (bottom). "Whenever the cops come around," she explained later, "I right away start crying and yelling, especially if I've got stuff on me. Usually they don't want too much to do with a screaming, hysterical broot, so they lay off." John tries never to have any drugs on him. When he is pushing heroin, he usually follows the general practice and hides the bags between the pages of a phone book in a public booth, or under a trash can or behind a radiator in a hotel hallway. Then he simply takes the customer's money and tells him where to look.



Jailed for disorderly conduct, John stares through the bars, then sits on his bunk yawning and holding his stomach as he goes through withdrawal. A policeman arrested him when he balked at moving off a corner where he and other junkies were loitering. He was locked up for 18 days. John admits that often during withdrawal the nervous anxiety is far worse than the physical discomfort. "When I'm kicking in jail," he says, "I just gotta have someone to talk to. Once I was lyin' there kicking and this other guy was in the bunk over me and he was sleepin' and sleepin'—like a baby. I shoved hard on the bottom of his bunk and threw him clean out onto the floor. Man, he was scared, his eyes was wide open. And I said to him, 'Okay, man, now talk!'"





**The deadly
overdose:
'You got
to fight
it, Billy!'**





One of the junky's natural enemies is the overdose, the "OD"—a shot that unexpectedly contains more heroin than his body can survive. In these pictures, taken while Johnny was in jail, Karen works to save the life of a young addict named Billy. Her expressions (right) mirror the danger, hope and final victory of her two-hour struggle. Billy collapsed in a hotel room after swallowing five Daridex tablets and then maintained a shot of heroin. Though he is nearly unconscious, Karen holds him on his feet and keeps him walking.



Open your eyes, Billy. Try to wake up. You took too much stuff, Billy. Don't go to sleep—you might not wake up. You got to fight it, Billy. Do you hear me, Billy? You got to fight it, Billy? Billy?" Exhausted and hot from walking him around the room, Karen had dumped him into a chair and removed her sweater. Then, afraid that if he sits down too long he will slip into a fatal coma, she walks him some more. Finally, she sits him down in a chair again and shouts into his ear. He begins to come around. "That Daridex is something," she explains. "It makes you feel like you were almost clean, almost like you'd never had any heroin before. And then you take the heroin and, man, it really sends you."



Still only half-conscious, Billy sits with a cigarette in his hand and a wet towel thrown over his neck. Now that he can walk by himself, Karen—who herself has had a shot of heroin—rests on the bed with a glass of water. Billy begins to mumble, finally gets out a complete sentence: "Man, that was a good bag." He was lucky it wasn't better. Almost every day in New York City an addict dies of an overdose, some sold intentionally by pushers who think the addict has been "stooling" to detectives. Sometimes these "hotshots" contain no heroin at all, but rat poison. Addicts call this type of hotshot a "ten-cent pistol" because the poison casts a dime but is as effective as a gun. Junkies may be quite informal about disposing of OD'ers friends. Karen once heard a strange sound ("it was like shhhhh, shhhhh") outside her hotel room. When she looked she saw two junkies dragging a body down the hall.



John out of jail: 'Don't play with my brains!'



Meeting Karen his first day out of jail (above), John bowls her out for not writing. Later in a hotel (below) he gets affectionate, his drug-free days in jail having restored desire dulled by heroin.



Go ahead and shoot it all up! You're a pig junky, just like you always were and always will be!" Karen screams at John as he takes a shot (above) minutes after his release from jail. Before he was arrested he had hidden 30 bags of heroin in a hotel hallway. Just after meeting Karen, he retrieved his stash, collected some friends and went to another hotel to "turn everyone on"

—give them all heroin. In jail, off heroin, his body lost its dependence on the drug, and he uses it here not to fight off withdrawal, but only to get a high. But Karen still has a physical need for the drug and is furious at him for not giving it all to her. He shouted back at her, "Don't bug me, Karen! Don't play with my brains!" All 30 bags were gone by that night. A friend

went for more and returned with a connection from Harlem, whom Karen paid off (right). Frightened that the men in the room were about to rob him of his drugs and money, the pusher was in a rush to get paid and did not complain about being photographed. Nevertheless, since his identification might encourage him to retaliate against John and Karen, his face has been retouched.







Her arms around Johnny and his brother, Bro—also an addict—Karen lies hopelessly on a hotel bed. On the table next to her rests a glass of water for dissolving heroin, a bottle-top cooker and burnt matches. On following pages she and Johnny discuss the hidden world they live in—a place called "Needle Park."

CONTINUED

Junkies, Johns and homosexuals fill the benches of Needle Park—while the squares, completely oblivious to the world of the addict, rush past.

The World of Needle Park

by **JAMES MILLS**

From legal poppy fields in Turkey, by camel across the sands of Syria to the not-so-legal laboratories in Lebanon, then by ship to southern France for final refining, back to Italy and, courtesy of the Mafia, to New York's docks and airports—heroin comes to Harlem. And from Harlem the drug moves swiftly through the city of New York, as efficiently and regularly as milk from New Jersey or fish from Fulton Street. As it moves, the illicit stream swells into pools from which addicts in various parts of the city draw their daily needs. Addicts—and the police—aren't as aware of the selling locations as the housewife is of her neighborhood shopping center.

In the rush and confusion at 96th Street and Broadway, addicts gather on the corner to meet the pushers and buy their drugs—ignored by crowds of New Yorkers on their way to work. On the southwest corner of 82nd Street and Columbus Avenue, two blocks from Manhattan's Museum of Natural History and the expensive Central Park West apartments nearby, addicts spend thousands of dollars a day for heroin. In front of a drug-store at 47th Street and Broadway, within the chaotic glow of Times Square, unknowing tourists brush shoulder to shoulder with barbiturate addicts waiting stiff and zombie-like for their connections. It's the same just two blocks south, among the honky-tonk bars and nightclubs, or down in Greenwich Village, where heroin and marijuana pass from hand to hand on

the benches of Washington Square. Of these hundreds of locations outside Harlem, one of the most typical is located at the corner of 71st Street where Broadway pushes through Amsterdam Avenue on its diagonal slice across Manhattan. To subway riders who use the stop there, the intersection is Sherman Square. To the drug addicts it is "Needle Park."

Needle Park, like the rest of the world of the big-city narcotics addict, is peopled by a conglomeration of individuals who come from different backgrounds, have different ways of getting the money they need, and who prefer different combinations of drugs. Simply by hanging around Needle Park for a while with John and Karen and John's older brother "Bro," you can meet a whole spectrum of addiction: Irene, a slight, wispy, Lesbian addicted to "goofballs," barbiturates. Goofballs usually produce a quiet drowsiness, but also at times a tense aggressiveness that can be frighteningly unpredictable. Irene's behavior when she is high on GBs, which is most of the time, has created such havoc in the neighborhood restaurants that they no longer let her in. So sometimes she stands outside on the sidewalk and tries to shout at her friends through the window. After a while, she laughs uproariously and goes running down the street with another girl.

There is Billy, who never stays around for long because he is trying desperately to stay clean. He just finished three years in Leavenworth for smuggling drugs from Mexico. Now he has had enough

and wants to be square. He is trying to get a job, "but how can you explain three years out of your life? And no one in his right mind is going to hire a junkie."

Hank is a regular habitué. He is on *bombitas*—Spanish for "little bombs." In Harlem they cost a dollar; in Needle Park the price is \$1.50 or \$2. Hank has the customary symptoms of a *bombita* user. Because they are amphetamines, stimulants, he talks constantly, cannot sit still, and his arms and face are covered with sores where he has picked at the skin, sometimes with the illusion that bugs are crawling underneath.

And always, lurking in the shadows, haunting Needle Park, stands Mike, a tall, trench-coated Negro. Mike is a "take-off artist," and a man to keep away from. He supports his habit by taking off (robbing) connections, and almost anyone else in the junkie world who appears to have money.

When junkies meet, they talk incessantly about drugs. Which is better, heroin mixed with a *bombita* or with cocaine? Both cocaine and *bombitas* are stimulants, and either one combined with heroin, which is a depressant, produces a more pleasurable high than heroin alone. The mixture is called a "speedball." But cocaine is very expensive, so addicts agree that for the money, a *bombita*-and-heroin cannot be topped.

During one of these interminable conversations, someone said he had a friend who liked to shoot model airplane glue. No one else had heard of that. Sniffing glue, yes; but not shooting it. They had heard of people doing something to paregoric and shoe polish and

then shooting it, but the high was reported to be no good. Heroin, of course, was the best. Heroin and a *bombita*. It gave the best high, completely relaxed, not a problem in the world.

But that's not really the best high, one addict said. Do you know what the best high *really* is? The voice was serious. Everyone turned and stayed very quiet to hear, maybe, of a new kind of high that was better than heroin, better than anything else. The best high—the voice was low and somber—is death. Silence. Man, that's outta sight, that's somethin' else. Yeah, no feelin' at all. Everyone agreed. The best high of all was death.

Junkies hang around Needle Park because it is surrounded by cheap hotels, needed by addicts/prostitutes; because three blocks away, a short walk for a sick junkie, are respectable neighborhoods which are good for burglary and "cracking shorts"—breaking into cars; and because, probably, a long time ago someone started selling dope there and the area just got to be known as a good place to make a connection—to "score."

Today much of the heroin in Needle Park comes from a man who lives in a very nice apartment on a pleasant East Side street. He buys heroin in "pieces" (ounces), cuts it and bags it, and hands it over on consignment to a handful of pushers—junkies themselves—who sell it for him. The pushers do not really have to push. It is a seller's market with heroin, and the junkies fight their way to any connection who has good stuff. The image of the sly pusher entic-





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Needle Park

CONTINUED

ing nonusers into trying a free bag of heroin is pure myth.

The amount of payment the junkie pusher gets is the same anywhere in the city. Fifteen \$5 bags are wrapped together with a rubber band (the package is called a half load). The pusher buys the package for \$25, sells about half to recoup his investment, and uses the rest himself. Often the junkie pusher will deal "nickel bags" at \$5 each, as well as \$3 "Trays." These come in "bundles" similar to half loads, except that the package costs \$75 and consists of 25 \$5 bags. Sometimes a junkie pusher can get half loads or bundles on consignment. But if he decides to shoot up all the bags himself and beat the supplier for the money, his friends will soon hear remarking that they haven't seen him around for a while. He usually keeps pushing until he is "busted" (arrested) or until he gets scared and decides to stop pressing his luck with the police, and return to less serious crimes to finance his habit.

Junkies turn a hotel room into a 'shooting gallery'

From time to time the addict may voluntarily interrupt his life on the street to enter a hospital. (Several New York hospitals reserve beds for addicts.) His body has achieved such a high tolerance to heroin that he must shoot a huge number of bags—not just to get high, but to keep from getting sick. In the case of a prostitute, she may be getting so thin and sick-looking—so "string out"—that she has been forced to reduce her price. In both cases the addict goes into a hospital to withdraw from the drug and get back to the point where just a bag or two will make him high.

The male junkie, when he isn't pushing, almost invariably turns to theft and burglary to support his habit. One of the most expert burglars among Needle Park junkies is John's brother, Bro. Bro is 28, with thick black hair and an intent, quiet face. He was first arrested—for purse snatching—when he was 9 years old. He maintained his first heroin shot when he was 13 and has now done 20 "bits" in jail for a total of nine years, plus two years in the federal narcotics hospital at Lexington, Ky.

"I'm the best burglar on the West Side," he told me proudly one night. I believed him. Once I was standing with him outside the door of a hotel room I had rented near Needle Park, fumbling in my pocket for the key. "Man, you don't need that," he said, and quickly slipped a celluloid card into the doorknob. In an instant the door was open and Bro was in the room.

He has skill and daring—what junkies call "heart." "Burglary is my job," he explained soberly. "It's what I'm good at." In addition, he has an indispensable talent for talking his way out of tight spots. "You see,"



he said, "when I go into an apartment I jam the lock—stick some toothpicks in the keyhole and break them off—so if the people come back I can hear them trying to get their key in and I can make it out the fire escape. But once in a while I get careless and don't jam the lock and then—well, like once this guy comes back and got in the apartment and saw me."

"It was real tight, man. He was

standing there with his wife and his little kid, and I grabbed the kid and said,

"Man, I don't want to do nothin'

'to the kid, but I'm a dope fiend

and I'm real sick and I got to get out of here."

And I guess the guy thought

I was really gonna hurt the kid or

something—I mean, you couldn't

blame him—and he let me go."

Bro is married, but his wife does

not use drugs and so he spends as

little time with her as he can get away

with, preferring to stick with John

and Karen and the other junkies.

Often none of them has a hotel room and then they lounge around on the benches in Needle Park or in a nearby luncheonette, or just walk the streets. When Karen is working—and by that she means hustling, on the telephone with old customers when possible, on the street if necessary—she may end up with a room for the night and a little sleep.

That doesn't happen to Johnny. If he cannot find a friend with a room, he walks around all night looking for cars to break into or for a place to lie down. Often he finds a public bathroom in one of the hotels around the park and sleeps there. Bro jokes about the time Johnny actually moved into a fourth-floor bathroom in one of the rooms in Sherman Square. "I went looking for him there," Bro said, "and he even had laundry strung up in the place. A couple of more nights and

Karen looks tensely out the window of a Needle Park hotel, watching for a junkie she had sent with money to buy her drugs. He never returned.

the hotel would have put in a phone."

At one point John and Karen had a room in a tiny, seedy hotel sandwiched between more respectable hotels on West 72nd Street across from a row of high-rent apartment houses. The hotel does a fast business with prostitutes and junkies, possibly because it has a night desk man who will send heroin to the room faster than you could get a ham on rye from room service at the Hilton. When a junkie has a hotel room, the word spreads fast. All his friends and their friends stream in and the place turns into a "shooting gallery."

I knocked on the door one night and Johnny let me in. It was in the midst of a panic—a citywide drug

CONTINUED

This is how yellow daisies in a green pasture against a blue sky look to many Americans.
You have only one pair of eyes. Have them examined every year or so. Better Vision Institute.

Needle Park

CONTINUED

shortage—and the desk man was out of stuff. Drugs were so scarce addicts were kicking their habits in the street, and many had been forced to switch to barbiturates. The room was littered with debris of addiction—bits of toilet paper and clothing that had been used to wipe blood from arms; glasses half-filled with water tinted red from the cleaning of many needles; scraps of electric-light cord chopped up and separated into thin strands with which to unclog needles; charred metal bottle tops used for cookers. Everywhere on the floor—strewn so thick you could not see the carpet—were clothing, old comic books and cigarette butts. Sheets and blankets, cigarette holes burned in them by nodding addicts, had fallen from the bed and lay kicked into corners. Stuffing oozed from a waffle-sized burn in the mattress. The smell was of sweat and smoke and heroin.

Karen looked worse than I had ever seen her. Her eyes were widely dilated, partly from heroin withdrawal, partly from enormous doses of barbiturates. She has a \$50 dose with a "John" in New Jersey and Johnny and his friends were trying desperately to get her into shape for the trip. She was nearly unconscious. Two men held her up, and another whose name was Ronnie brushed her hair for her. Her face looked as if it made up had been laid on with a trowel. "Come on, Karen," Ronnie pleaded, "you got to make that train. You got to get out there, baby. You can't miss this trick, Karen, you got to make it." She mumbled and slouched in her supporters' arms and Ronnie kept breathing.

Johnny walked over to a corner of the room that was stacked high with cases of coffee and cellophane packages of women's hair curlers. He and a friend had spotted a truck unloading supplies onto a sidewalk in front of a grocery store. They had grabbed everything they could carry and ran with it in their arms to the hotel. Now they were going to try to sell the haul.

The men who had been holding up Karen sat her down on the bed. She fell back, anesthetized by the barbiturates. Someone knocked on the door and Johnny yelled at the men, "There's too much noise in here! Can't you guys shut up? That's probably the cops now. You make so much racket they could hear you inside the station house." He walked to the door and whispered, "Who is it?"

"It's the FBI." It was Bro's voice. Johnny opened the door. "Funny," he said as Bro slipped past him and sat down on the edge of the bed. He glanced at Karen and shook his head in mock distress. He had a bag of heroin and dumped the powder into a bottle top. "Where'd you get that?" Johnny demanded.

Bro gave the name of a connection. "It's probably garbage." He produced a *bombita*, broke off the glass top and poured the fluid in with the

heroin. Bro held a match under the cooker until the white powder dissolved. Then he put the tip of the needle—the same one Ronnie and Karen and the other men had used—into a pea-sized wad of cotton (used to filter out large impurities that might clog the needle) and drew up the liquid from the bottom of the cooker. Borrowing Ronnie's belt, he wrapped it around his arm, held the end in his teeth, stuck the needle into a vein and waited for the blood to start backing up into the eydropper. Instead of shooting the fluid in immediately he squeezed in a few drops, let it back up into the eydropper again, squeezed in a little more, let it back up, squeezed in more, and continued the in-and-out process until the fluid in the dropper was dark red with blood. The technique, known as "booting," is believed to prolong the drug's initial effect. He continued booting until there was so much blood in the dropper he was afraid it would coagulate and clog the needle. Then he shot it all in and withdrew the needle. Had the needle clogged, he would have dumped the mixture of blood and drugs back into the cooker, heated it until the blood dissolved, and started over. Addicts call this "shooting gravy": "Because that's what it is—right? Cooked blood?"

"It's garbage," Bro said, 'All I feel's the bombita'

Bro put the dropper and needle into a glass of water. "How is it?" one of the men asked. "Garbage," Bro said. "All I feel's the *bombita*."

Ronnie had Karen sitting up on the edge of the bed and was brushing her hair again and begging her to stay awake, but it was hopeless. She was too far gone to make her New Jersey date until the next afternoon. The phone rang and Johnny talked on it for a minute and then announced he was leaving to sell some of the stolen coffee to a grocer. Around Needle Park it is not uncommon for addicts to steal from one grocer and sell to another, or to steal meat from a su-

permarket and sell it to a restaurant. At one point, Johnny once told me, "Karen and I were robbing every candy store in the area, mostly for cigarettes. We told one candy store guy that if he bought all our cigarettes, we'd leave him alone. We did quite a business for a while."

Johnny loaded three coffee cases into the elevator and I rode down with him. He put them out next to the desk in the lobby and we sat and talked while he waited for someone to pick them up.

Strict search and seizure laws make it tough for detectives to produce much unspeakable evidence against addicts and addict pushers. Merely being an addict is not a crime in New York; he must have drugs or a hypodermic needle in his possession. Many addicts—especially pushers—wear a rubber band on their wrists (a "dealer's band," some call it), which, if hooked properly around a deck of heroin, will send it flying if an approaching detective is spotted.

But when police are in a drug neighborhood they have no difficulty spotting addicts on the street. An experienced narcotics cop, or a long-time addict, can with surprising reliability spot a user in a group of 20 people, state with authority what kind of drug he is on, approximately how long it has been since his last fix, and whether or not he is at that moment "dirty," carrying drugs. Because heroin subsides appetite, the addict is almost always thin. He has a craving for sweets, and often carries a bottle of soda pop (although he may know that, to a detective, it is a badge of addiction). The backs of his hands are chronically puffed and swollen, from shooting in the veins there.

The addict is habitually dirty, his clothes filthy, and he stands slackly as if his body were without muscles. Waiting for a connection, he is nervous and intent, staring for minutes at a time in the direction from which he expects the pusher to come. Detectives know that when a group of addicts is standing around, talking, waiting, none of them is carrying heroin. But if you watch the group

Eyelids drooping from a heroin shot, Karen talks to a pusher who dropped by the room. "He gave me my wings," she says, "—my first mainline shot."

long enough suddenly it explodes, all the addicts walking off in different directions. The pusher has appeared and soon, one by one, they will make their roundabout way to him to "cop."

Once the addict has drugs on him, he keeps moving. He is about to achieve the one thing for which he lives, and he is not slow about it. His shoulders are hunched, his head is down, and he strikes out with what some detectives call a "leaving-the-set walk," as if he had just learned where a million dollars was hidden. When the heroin addict is high, his pupils are "pinned," constricted, and if the shot was sufficiently powerful he goes on a "nod"—his head drooping, eyelids heavy.

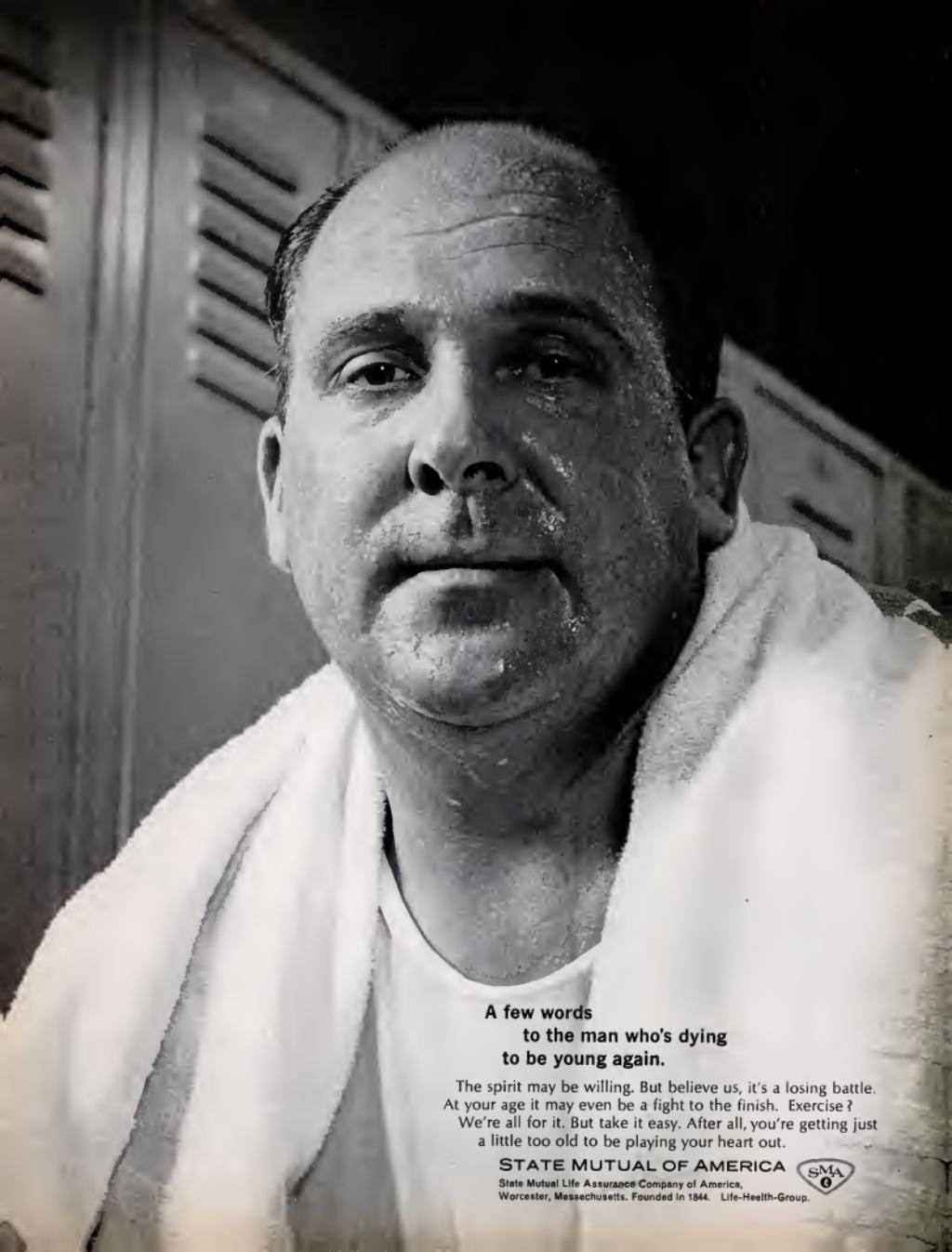
But though he appears terribly sleepy, he speaks coherently. His mind wanders, he daydreams, and everything he does, he does with maddening slowness. He can take 30 minutes to tie his shoelaces. But he always resists admitting that he is on a nod. He is very sleepy, he says, and if he stops talking in mid-sentence, he argues that he is not nodding, only trying to phrase the sentence properly. Once the addict has had his shot and is "straight," he may become admirably, though briefly, industrious, suddenly deciding to shine his shoes, brush his coat, comb his hair—all the while scolding himself bitterly for having slipped so far.

Even the seasons conspire to identify addicts. In winter, waiting to cop, they alone stand around in the snow and slush, apparently aimlessly. In summer, they alone wear long sleeves (to cover their "tracks"—needle marks). Because heroin users almost always feel cold, they wear piles of sweaters, even in hot weather.

When male and female addicts gather together, in a hotel room or public bathroom, the narcotics detective knows better than to suspect sexual activity. Heroin depresses sexual desire—men may become impotent, women often do not menstruate.

CONTINUED





**A few words
to the man who's dying
to be young again.**

The spirit may be willing. But believe us, it's a losing battle. At your age it may even be a fight to the finish. Exercise? We're all for it. But take it easy. After all, you're getting just a little too old to be playing your heart out.

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CONTINUED

(If a woman gives birth while she is addicted to heroin the infant also will be physically addicted and must live his first three days withdrawing from the drug). For most heroin addicts a sex crime would be impossible, and they are all contemptuous of stories about the "raging, dope-fied, sex maniac."

Almost all heroin addicts are childishly immature; full of demands, emptiness of offerings. When they want something, they want it yesterday and they want it effortlessly. Nothing is their fault—their addiction, their degradation, their desperation. All are insecure, most dislike people, and—though the mechanics of obtaining and injecting drugs forces them into relationships with other people—most would prefer to be alone.

None can tolerate "changes." If the junkie goes looking for a connection and does not find him on the right corner at the right time, he grumbles about all the changes. Almost everything he is forced to do involves too many changes. He must go through changes to steal, to find a fence, to get a shot, to avoid police, but the addict is rarely violent. He wants heroin to get his fix with as few complications, as few changes, as possible, and be left in peace to shoot it. He prefers simple, nonviolent crimes—theft, burglary, prostitution.

When they are off heroin, addicts tend to be morose and restless. On heroin, when they are straight, they are pleasant, gentle, likable. Psychiatrists who have studied them over long periods know that most of them are extremely narcissistic, that their intense preoccupation with heroin is a surface manifestation of a more profound emotional preoccupation with themselves.

In pursuit of the drug they can bring to bear extraordinary cunning, nerve and acting ability. But once they have the fix in hand and the problem shifts from how to get drugs to how to avoid arrest, these qualities vanish. An addict who is arrested because a detective discovered heroin hidden in his pants cuff may, once he is released, immediately buy a deck of heroin and hide it in his pants cuff.

Perhaps the dominant emotional characteristic of the addict is his enormous compulsion to abdicate all responsibility for his own life. He craves to be told what to do. If he is encouraged to go to a hospital by someone he trusts, he will go; but soon, when he finds the hospital not to his liking, he will leave, and then blame the failure not on himself but on the person who urged him to go. An addict will walk along a street openly displaying a container of drugs, all but asking to be arrested. If a detective does spot the drug and arrests him, the addict will blame it on bad luck. He thus purges himself of the responsibility of choosing between jail and abstinence, or continued addiction on the street. He feels he has left the choice to fate.

Female addict prostitutes may, for the same reason, solicit men who are almost certainly detectives. One psy-

chiatrist reported that when one of his addict patients saw another patient in an artificial lung, she became enraged and demanded the lung for herself, unconsciously demonstrating her wish to relinquish to the lung her ultimate responsibility—breathing.

After I had known John and Karen for a couple of months, I sat down with them individually and we talked of familiar events and ideas, and about some subjects that had never before been mentioned. Because most drug addicts, particularly those in big cities, live similar lives and display common symptoms, these tape-recorded conversations reveal much about the lives and personalities not only of John and Karen, but of the many thousands of other young people who suffer from drug addiction. They should be read with the thought in mind that just as the paralytic's every step is twisted by his affliction, so every word an addict speaks is colored by the symptoms of his disease—self-deception, immaturity, insecurity, guilt.

The morning the conversation with Karen occurred, she was lying on a dirty, bare hotel mattress, relaxing under the effects of a shot taken 30 minutes earlier. She had just discovered lice crawling on her and had placed one of them on a table by the bed. She stared at it while I connected the recorder.

Karen explains it:

'I like the feeling of not feeling.'

"I can't stand these terrible things," she almost shouted. "The filthy little things! Johnny must have brought them home from jail. I put it on the table there so I can see how tiny it is and then it doesn't scare me so much."

"Karen, when did you first use illegal drugs?"

"I got this awful toothache and Johnny gave me a shot, and it took the pain away, and it also took my fear of drugs away. So I started doing it myself, while Johnny'd be in the bedroom sleeping. I was scared to death of Johnny catching me. And I had a habit before I knew it. We were living right in the same house and for a long time he didn't know I was using it. I liked it. It made me very relaxed, very high. I grooved with it. I dug junk. I won't kid anybody. I dig the high, the whole bit. I like the feeling. I like the feeling of *not* feeling.

"What is it the Spanish say? *No siento nada*—I feel nothing. That's just the way you get to feel—nothing. *Nothing* fazes you. You could hear about your mother dying an excruciating death and you wouldn't even shed a tear. And I was still hooking then—\$100 days, making maybe \$2,200 a week. Meanwhile Johnny was just sitting home doing nothing. Shooting up, sleeping, watching TV, reading comic books, having his buddies over, turning them on. He had a real ball."

"What do you think of other junkies, junkies in general?"



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Needle Park

CONTINUED

"They're pigs. I can't stand them."
"Why not?"

"I'm probably looking in a mirror and I can't stand it. They're animals. We're all animals. We'll step on one another for a shot if there's no dope. I've seen it. I can't even trust Johnny. I had my wake-up shot three days ago right here on the table. When I got up, it was gone and Johnny was the only one that was straight that morning. Everyone was sick but Johnny. And I know Johnny didn't have a wake-up of his own."

"And I'm just as bad. I don't live from day to day or paycheck to paycheck. I live from fix to fix. Yesterday morning, as sick as I was, Johnny insisted that I go with this John. Johnny brought him up here and I turned the trick. I gave the money to Johnny, but I never saw any junk for it."

"I'm no different from any of the others. I'll be some day for their money just as fast as I can think. That's why I say we're animals. One time when I was sick myself, a girl came up here and she had \$30. She said, 'Karen, can you cop?' I said, 'Yes.' I took the money and I never came back. I didn't intend to come back from the very beginning. She waited ten hours for me, and I never came back."

Karen, have you ever used a knife on anybody?"

"No. But I could, and I know how. I'm capable. And I'll cut anybody who threatens me. Like I said, that's what I mean about being an animal. Three years ago I couldn't have hurt a fly. But when you don't care about your own life—that much—then you know what you care about someone else's life. And when someone threatens the little bit of care that you do have for your own life, then you know what you're going to do to them. If they're gonna hurt me, I could kill somebody and it wouldn't fade me. Just like Freddy—you know Freddy—said he ripped somebody's stomach wide open and when he found out his guts weren't falling out, he put his hand in and pulled them in. He made sure they guy died. And I could do the same thing."

"Has Johnny cut you?"

"Yes. He went crazy behind *bbitas*. He didn't cut me badly. I broke the blade of the knife off. But when you can't get stuff and you get sick, you get desperate. Like, let me tell you what you go through sometimes just trying to cop. When you cop, you don't know whether you're going to get caught with that bag on you or whether you're going to get it home. Let me tell you what goes on in your mind."

"All right, let's say it costs me \$10 to get a fix—two nickel bags. Okay. Well, I have my \$10. Now, if I can't locate a connection around Needle Park, what I have to do is go up town. Last night I went up to 112th Street in Harlem, where the better junk is. Once I'm there, I walk with a knife opened, like this. That's the way you have to walk up there. They see a

white in Harlem and they're ready to jump all over you. So you walk up there with a knife out—or like Julio did the other day. He carries a .45 right out in the open. Okay, I have my \$10. I want to get two \$5 bags. So I go and ask someone, 'Who's got the best stuff around here?' 'Chico has.' Okay. Chico has. Then someone says, 'Emanuel has.' So I have to find out who's who and who has the better stuff, Emanuel or Chico.

"Meanwhile you're walking on this street, you know darn well The Man [any cop] is watching you. You know it. You feel it. But you don't care because you're sick. So you're going to take that chance anyway. Now, you don't want to jeopardize the connection either. So all right, you're gonna cop off Chico. You walk by Chico and say, 'I want two,' and keep walking. Then you turn around and you come back and you give him the money and at the same time you say you want two. Then you come back and he gives you the two."

"Now Chico decides to beat you, Chico's just gonna turn around and walk away. And you're dead. Your \$10 is gone with the wind. Or maybe you're gonna get the stuff home and find it's baking soda. The fellow you met steered you wrong because he's getting a piece of it. This doesn't often happen when it's not panic time."

"Now, after you cop, most of the time you have to walk home because you don't have that much money for a cab. Buses take too long, and you're standing on that corner with stuff on you. So all the time you're walking, you're praying too. You're saying to yourself, 'Is there a narco [narcotics detective] around that knows my face and is going to call me over just for the hell of it?' Which they do. Meanwhile, you've got stuff on you, and you're sick. You never know—you're never relaxed until you feel the stuff in you, and even then you know that within four hours you've got to get some more money, and get more stuff again. This is gonna go on and on. And you know that before you go to bed that night you not only have to have your bedtime fix but you have to have your wake-up. So that's \$20 right there that you *must* have, you absolutely *must* have. And you have to cop before you go to bed because when you wake up you might be too sick to be able to go out and cop."

I imagine I've been sorry every day I've had the habit'

"Karen, I know you can think up a very glib story and with your acting ability deliver it to a doctor and get a prescription. Can you do this with other people as well?"

"I can do this with anyone. Anybody I want to do something for me, I can make them do it. Just by talking, I've been able to do that since I was a little girl, since I first told a lie to my father. My father was very strict. I had to think up reasons to get out of the house to do the things I wanted to do. So that was what I did. I started on my father. It worked on him, it worked on my mother, it worked on

my teachers, and it worked on everybody else. The only thing you really need is a sincere approach. If someone thinks you're sincere, they'll do anything in the world for you."

"I never was going to get a licking—not a licking, but a punishment, rather—that I didn't want, I used to cry and say, 'Gee, I'm sorry.' They felt so bad about my feeling sorry that they wouldn't do anything. I was a cute little girl—until they started telling me what to do and my father started to be a tyrant. My father started to use military tactics on me. Never hit me! But he messed my mind up. I had to sit on a straight-backed chair for three and four hours at a time with my hands folded without talking. Three years old. Or he made me stand at attention three and four hours till my back felt like it was breaking. I never cried to my father, or to my mother—she was an angel—and I cried to my aunts and uncles. I got what I wanted."

"Karen, have you ever been sorry that you went to the stuff three years ago?"

"I imagine that I've been sorry every day that I've had a habit."

"Why don't you kick and get clean and be square?"

"That's probably what will happen eventually."

"Why don't you do it now? Why didn't you do it a year ago?"

"Johnny didn't want to do it then."

"All right then, why don't you do it now?"

"I might. I just might do that. I don't want to start right into a job. I want to go on a vacation first somewhere. I want to go to Puerto Rico."

"How long ago did you have your last shot?"

"Half hour ago."

"Do you ever look at a square girl on the street . . . ?"

"And envy her? Yes. Every day. Because she doesn't know what I know. I could never be a square like that. I was once, but once I took that first shot, that shattered the whole bit—because then I knew. I knew what it was to be high, I knew what it was to groove with junk. Even the first habit that I kicked, which was the worst that I ever kicked, I kicked cold turkey in my own room. And I still worked to junk. Right in this very hotel. I bought my first right high. Why? Oh, I don't know. I found some excuse or another to do it. I'll tell you right now, I wouldn't care if I died. I just hope it isn't painful, that's all."

"What do you think is going to become of you eventually, Karen?"

"I don't know. I'll probably die—early. It won't be from junk, but it'll be from something connected with junk. Hepatitis or something. I don't care anymore. I really don't. Because there's nothing for me. I don't have any reason to quit using."

"Isn't it enough of a reason that you wouldn't be living the kind of life you live now?"

"That means nothing to me. I don't give a good damn."

The conversation with John was recorded in the same hotel room his brother Bro had entered so effortlessly

CONTINUED



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Needle Park

CONTINUED

ly with a celluloid card. John had just injected a *bombita*, and began to talk long and easily about his addiction, his career as a pusher and his relationship with Karen.

"Johnny, how old were you the first time you used any drugs?"

"About 13. I smoked some pot [marijuana]. And I've seen drugs practically all my life. My brother was already hooked, not just starting but already hooked, at 13 when he was still going to school. I was going with this girl, and like I used to walk the straight and narrow line. And then I think I had an argument with her, and instead of going drinking to get drunk, I went and bought a stick of pot. I was started. Ever since then, boy, I've been going real strong."

How did you meet Karen?"

"My brother and his girl were living in Karen's apartment. And one day I went to visit them and my brother brought me into the bedroom and says, 'Karen, this is Johnny, the brother I was telling you about.' And like the first words out of her mouth made me turn like blood red. She said, 'Oh, yeah, but he's cuter than what you said he was.'

"Now I wasn't used to talk like that, because I'd been away at jail for three years and hadn't so much as kissed a girl. And I've always been kind of shy of girls when I first meet them. Usually when I first meet people I'm quiet. I sit and find out what kind of people they are before I even commit myself. So like right away when I blushed she thought it was cute. She started teasing me. So we got along right away.

"I wanted to get high. So I told my brother, I says, 'I want to get high.' So he says no. Now, Karen's listening to this—like she was *death* on drugs. She was *death*. Karen says, 'No, don't give him any.' So I said, 'The hell with you. I got money, I know where to score. I'll see you later.' So I started going out the door and my brother said, 'Look, Karen, one of my other brothers went with somebody else to get high and they left him, and he died. I don't want it to happen to Johnny.' So after she thought about it, she said, 'All right.'

"So I got high. I got high and then I left and when I was leaving I turned around to Karen and I told her, 'Karen, I like you. You're real people. Because, like, every hooker I've ever met . . . I'd never made it with a hooker before. Like, when you walk into the house, and they first meet you, they start talking hundred-dollar bills, five-hundred-dollar bills. I don't know, they're phonies. And she was regular people—like, for real.

"And the second day I come downtown from the Bronx and I walk into this restaurant and they were sitting in the back. She had black slacks on and a black jacket and a black scarf. And I hadn't seen her before with any make-up on. It was raining out and I had an umbrella in my hand and I looked at my brother and I says, 'You told me she was pretty.' And like I

could see that she was starting to get insulted, probably thinking like I was going to say she was ugly. But then I said, 'She's not pretty, she's beautiful.' And she didn't know how to act behind that.

"And neither did I after I said it. I was hung up for words. I started to turn red again. We went out and started running through the rain. We wound up in a drugstore and there was an iron Karen liked, a clothes iron, and they wanted \$7 for it. So my brother said, 'Karen, for a couple more dollars you could get a big steam iron.' She says, 'Yeah, but it's nice, I want it.' And like, I like that, too. She says, 'This is nice. I like it. I want it. I'm going to get it.' So, I like that. I went for the way she came on with it. So it stuck in my mind. I like people that if they want something, they'll get it. I like that myself. If I can't buy it, I'll steal it. If I can't steal it, I'll get it some way. Anyway, she bought the iron.

"So the next night I went over and my brother and his girl left and now my hand accidentally bumped against Karen's arm and her skin was so smooth, like I was fascinated by it. It was like silk. And then all these other people came over and Karen says, 'Everybody has to go, I'm going to sleep.' So I started to put my coat on. I figured she meant me too, and I was on parole anyway. I had to be home at certain times. And my brother says, 'Take your coat off.' Karen says she wants you to stay.' And I says to my brother, 'I'm on parole. And if the parole officer comes over to the house, it's going to be all over.' So anyway, all he had to do was say it one more time. 'Karen wants you to stay.' That was it. I took my coat off. Ever since then, we've been together."

'She used to have my fix ready, like breakfast in bed'

"She wasn't using drugs then?"
"No. And she was some beautiful girl. We used to go out for a walk and people used to look at her—twice. Boy, she was a doll. And then once we were in the bedroom, and we were lying down talking. And out of nowhere she says, 'Johnny, I'm on stuff.' I looked at her and says, 'What do you mean, you're on stuff?' She says, 'I've been using behind your back the past six months.' I don't know how I felt. But I felt so empty. Like, I wanted to get up and bash her brains against the wall. And then I felt sorry for her.

"She's been using stuff ever since then. But even before she was using, she had this problem with her own mind—not sure whether she wanted to go with girls or with boys. So, like she was very unsure of herself, very insecure. And I started going with her and eventually, as the time went on, she found out, like, she wasn't gay. And like she was always afraid, and then, I don't know, as time went on, she realized like she loved me. Like it was me and only me—first, last and always. Since then like everything was like real sweet. 'So anyway, she was hooking when

I met her. So I didn't go for that at all, because I had never made it with a hooker before. So one night she had a date and she told me to come back later, in an hour or something like that. I came back later, I rang the bell and was going to the apartment, and the door opened and she had the chain on it and she stuck her hand out. And I stopped dead right in the hallway. I don't know if I wanted to cry, run, kick the door in. I didn't know what to do, I was so hurt.

"Ever since that time, every time she'd go out with a trick, I'd get an attitude. Or, if the trick would come over, I'd just be sulky, nasty with the trick. Even today I don't like her hustling. I'd rather have her stay home and I'd get to go out and steal. I don't think you or anybody else can understand the way I felt standing in the hallway—like, the only person I really loved in there with someone else. And, like, stopping me from coming in. Even today when we get to talking, like, that always comes up. I never liked her to hook. Like a lot of times I tell her, 'Don't go out. Stop hooking, get a job.'

"She's very timid in a lot of ways. She has to have me to lean on. With little problems she'd come to me. She'd cry in her sleep. She'd wake up crying. If somebody would wake her up too hard, she'd cry. It's hard to explain. I just never liked her to hook. She used to make like at least \$1,500 a week, maybe more. Even with that money coming in—and most of it going on clothes and me, nothing but the best she used to get me—and even with that, I would have rather given that up than have her go out with other guys. Even today, like, she's got two habits to support.

"I don't do anything. I don't contribute anything. Except another problem, another habit to support. And my love for her, that's all."

"Johnny, do you and Karen ever fight?"

"Do we fight? Boy! Like yesterday she woke up real sick. She had given somebody \$25. She wanted to surprise me by coming home with the stuff instead of coming home and giving me the money and having me go out and get it. She wanted to surprise me by waking me up and saying, 'Here, Johnny,' and I could just get off in bed. That's what she used to do—wake me up and have my fix ready, like breakfast in bed.

Well, she gave the guy \$25. He went uptown. This was 9 o'clock in the morning. At 9 at night we finally found out where he lives and we go up there and he says, 'Look, I don't know how to tell you, but I got beat.' Now that's 12 hours we're waiting for him. He could have called and we could have went out and got some money. We didn't get straight until about 3 o'clock this morning. And my last shot before that was close to maybe 18, 20 hours, something like that. It was a long time.

"When she woke up, she was very sick. She had a *bombita* and a \$3 bag. And she started putting it on the cooker. I told her, 'Leave half of it in the cooker for me.' Now, we'd be

Great raisin flavor in every spoonful. Because there's a tender raisin flake for every two big bran flakes to give you brighter, fresher flavor than any raisin bran.



CONTINUED

Needle Park

CONTINUED

lucky if two \$3 bags would straighten either one of us out—the way stuff is out there now—never mind one, never mind half of one. She looked at me like I was crazy.

"She said, 'Johnny, it's only a \$3 bag.' I says, 'I know what it is, leave half of it for me.' She says, 'Johnny,' —she started crying—"Johnny, I'm sick. Please let me do it and I'll go out and get some money, fast, I'll turn a trick or something. I can get money faster if I'm straight,' which is true. I would probably have got straight in an hour.

"But I was like cold-blooded. I told her, 'I don't want to hear no stories. Leave half in the cooker, or I'm going to take it all.'

"It's not like me to do something like that. That's just vengeance, some kind of vengeance. I'm very spiteful. Like if I have an argument with somebody and they bite me on my big toe, you know eventually I'm going to get to their big toe and bite back. I don't like myself like that. It scares me. Maybe it wouldn't even bother me with someone else. But with her, who's supposed to mean so much to me, that I could do something like that and threaten to take the whole thing, knowing that neither one of us are going to get straight, maybe just get the edges taken off.... If I'm going to keep that up, she can get somebody a whole lot better than me.

Last night we had an argument and she got scared and started running up these stairs. And her being afraid of me like that, that got me mad. She ran up to the sixth floor—as sick as she was—and ran into a bathroom and locked the door and tried to hide from me. You do something like that with an animal. You hide from an animal. She wouldn't open the door, I threatened to kick the panel out and she finally opened it. And she was in the shower stall, crouched down like a real refugee. You see them picture posters of refugees crouched down, and the fear that she had on her face, and the shaking. She was actually, really shaking. Afterwards, she couldn't hold the cooker steady. I know you, I'll leave her for good before I keep putting her through that. I don't want her to be afraid."

"When you were pushing, Johnny, what's the largest amount you ever bought—to put into bags and resell?"

"Three pieces, three ounces."

"How many bags will that make?"

"That depends how many times you cut it. Some connections used to cut it four to one, maybe five to one. But I only cut mine 3½ times. That way it would be very strong. And I put the rest of the connections in my neighborhood out of business."

"I used to get very good stuff. I went up to this guy's house and he cut it for me. You stretch a nylon stocking over a wire hanger, put the stuff on it and run over it with a spoon. And it flows through the nylon and gets fluffed up. And after that you cut it with quinine and milk sugar. And



after it's mixed you have these stamp-collectors' bags, little glassine envelopes, and you have these baby measuring spoons, like a mother uses with her kids. You put the stuff in one of the small spoons and run a razor over the top to flatten it out. Then you put it into the bag, wrap it up, tap tape on it and you've got yourself a bag. And then you go out and sell it."

"How much does your habit cost you a day?"

"I'll tell you, when people tell you, like they're using \$50 a day, they don't tell you that. They don't really know how much heroin they're using. Like I might find old Joe Schmo today and buy three bags from him and find that one bag straightens me out. Now, okay, so I'll time my shots and get away with \$15 today. Tomorrow I can't find Joe Schmo so I go find Larry the Jerk, and I buy three off him and one doesn't straighten me out, and maybe won't straighten me out, so, actually how much you use depends on the quality of the stuff."

"Like right now the stuff is so weak that to find somebody on the streets that you can really say has a real bad habit would be doing something. I mean, it's not like it used to be. I've seen guys come into jail and, like the expression goes, they kicked their habit in the elevator. In two or three days they're eating, sleeping, doing push-ups."

"So it depends on the quality. I can't say I use this much or that much. I used to use a lot. Even today, if I have 10 bags in the morning, I won't have anything left that night, or maybe not even that afternoon. I just can't hold on to stuff without shooting it. I won't actually get greedy and shoot it all at once but like, whenever it enters my mind to get off,

I just get off. I can't hold on to it."

"Johnny, when you go to a hospital or to jail and you get clean, why do you always go back on drugs?"

"Well, the longest I ever stayed clean on the street on my own was when one of my older brothers died of an overdose. I didn't want to use drugs. I think it was like two weeks, three weeks. I thought I would really do it—stay clean—because of my brother. And then, one day I was with one of my other brothers and I saw this kid I knew standing on the corner. He was sick. I was doing good, staying dressed nice, leading a good life. I was happy. He was sick. So I said to him, 'What are you shooting, what's your fix?' And he says, 'Two bags.' So I gave him \$6. And I know where he's going and what he's going to do, and I know the feeling's going to get.

I must have hit my mind all the way in the back. I looked at my brother. He knew what was on my mind and he like shrugged his shoulders, like to say, "I don't care." So I said to the kid, "Look, here's another \$6. Get two more." So we got up to the bathroom in some hotel and the kid got off first because he was sick, and my brother got off and then I drew up the stuff and I just kept sitting around with it in my hand. And I kept thinking about my dead brother. And I didn't want to use because of what happened to him. Then I says to myself, only it was like to him, "I hope you'll understand. You know what it's like." And I got off. After almost squirting it on the floor for maybe four or five times. But finally I shot it. And ever since then . . .

"What do you think of junkies in general, Johnny?"

Karen feigns hysteria to win sympathy of cops called by a hotel who wanted her thrown out for prostitution. She denied the charge, but finally left.

"Well, I wouldn't put my money in another junkie's hand unless I really, really trusted him. I've been beat by my own brother, and if my brother's going to run around and beat me, who can I trust? I can't trust nobody out there. Even Karen has gotten off behind my back. Like all the times I've stayed 16, 17, 18 hours without a fix and she disappeared somewhere, and I know she's not going to go that long without a fix. She can tell me anything she wants, but I know Karen. And she'll come back and tell me she hasn't gotten off, but she's high. A couple of times she's been gone all day and all night and I didn't see her until the next day and, if I didn't do anything, I'd be sick when she came back. But when she came back, she'd have a bag of stuff to get me straight and I'd get off first before I even started arguing with her. And then I'd be happy I was straight and I'd only give her half an argument."

"You can't trust junkies. But after using drugs for so long, they're like, my people. That's what I call them, my people. I can't get along with square people. If I'm walking in the streets, anywhere, I walk pretty fast and, if somebody's in front of me, I get very, very aggravated with them. I'll shout around them and I might say something under my breath or I might say, 'Move it the hell out of the way.' I don't like people. Maybe if I got back off drugs and got a job, I might try to force it from myself. Maybe in a week or two it'll just come back."

"What do you think is going to become of you, Johnny?"

"I don't know what's going to happen. But I've had it with drugs. I'm going to stop. I've had enough of it. If I want to go back to it ten years from now, it will still be out there. I can always get it. And if I can't make the square life, if I find it too rough—which I doubt—the stuff will always be on the corners, the connections will always be there for hundreds of years, and it'll be there for another hundred years."

"Well, Johnny, what is it that keeps you around Needle Park?"

"Nothing. I just don't have any place else to go. That's the whole thing in a nutshell. I could go to my parents' upstairs. Like, Monday I'm going home. I want to clean up. I want to get a job. I want to be square again. I'm tired of this life. I've had it. I'm ready to stop. And I'm ready to take on responsibilities of all kinds that I should be able to—as a man. Instead of using escapes, all kinds of escapes."

"How long has it been, Johnny, since you've had a fix?"

"Two or three hours."

"How long do you think it will be before you get off again?"

"Maybe right after I leave here."

"Well, then, why do you say that you've had it with drugs?"

"Well, after Monday, anyway."

NEXT WEEK: PART II
Realities we must face—but haven't

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up
with
pleasure



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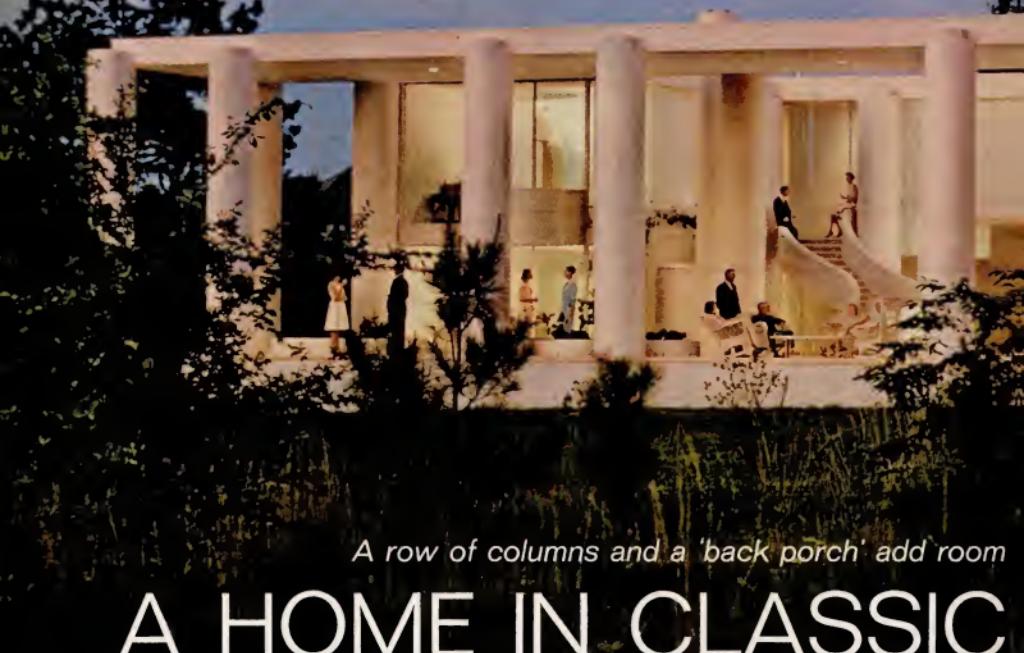


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A row of columns and a 'back porch' add room

A HOME IN CLASSIC

The purpose of this house is to achieve a classic style. Of course it was also meant to provide bedrooms, baths and shelter from weather, but these were secondary considerations to both the owners and architect. When visitors walk around the front corner and come upon the noble 96x22 sweep of colonnade—called the "back porch"—they catch their breath.

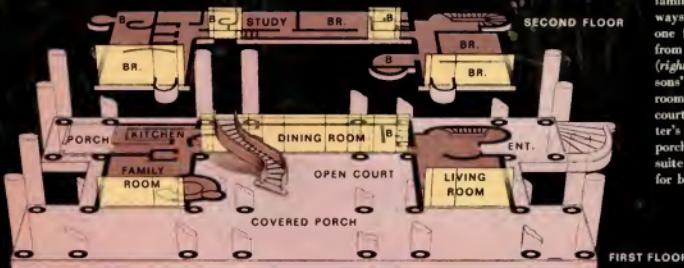
The house was designed for Mr. and Mrs. John W. Wallace of Athens, Ala. by Paul Rudolph, the famous

architect who is chairman of the Yale School of Architecture. Rudolph used space lavishly. He surrounded the house with 32 columns and extended the roof to meet them. The portico this created added 10% to the cost but also added 25% to the living area. Most important, it lent scale, beauty and grandeur. This idea of covering outside space and wedging it to the house can be used for less grand homes done in many styles. The result will always be greater than the sum of the two parts.



and grandeur to a southern house

STYLE



The Wallaces' "back porch" (above) provides a place for large-scale entertaining, whether it's a dance for 50 teen-agers or a buffet for 15 to 100 grownups. The view above is the same as in the drawing at left. Behind the porch stretches the formal living room, the gallerylike dining room and family room. Two curving stairways lead up the second floor, one from the porch, the other from a foyer inside the entrance (right). On second floor the two sons' bedrooms share round bathroom cantilevered out over the court. Hallway in front of daughter's room and study overlooks porch through glass wall. Master suite (at left) has separate bath for both Mr. and Mrs. Wallace.

Main entrance is at side of house between two of the columns that surround the podium on which the house is placed. Pillars measure more than 9 feet around and are faced with brick.



Many rooms have one gently curving wall. The rounded form of this one, painted red in the youngest son's room, complements the massive antiques the house was built to hold.



Balconies are special delight of the youngsters, serving one moment as Roman chariots, gun turrets the next and then as an ideal spot to transfer pets, football gear and "secret messages" to the outside. Actually they are there to allow opening the sliding glass doors for ventilation. Adds Mrs. Wallace, "They're practical. I do most of my child-calling from them."

The family room, with its circular fireplace and the built-in couches that snuggle in a cavelike bay, contrasts strongly with the cool marble-paved elegance of other downstairs rooms.

Exterior stairway is made of thin wood slats and laminated plywood and is bouncy as a trampoline. The animated curves of the porch are punctuated by the texture created by laying the bricks in three different ways: a radial pattern on the columns, the basket-weave effect of flat bricks going around a sharp curve and the straightforward pattern on the porch floor.



NET WT. 11



Now this is an old man you should kiss, young lady: for all the good he'll do you.

Breakfast is just for kids, right? Breakfast makes you fat, right? So you skip breakfast, right?

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Nothing like a generous old man to help a young lady along in the world, right?

Living in the Blueprint

LIFE Ideas in Houses

2

Even now, cars pull into the driveway five or six times a day ("I wish they could drive better," says Wallace. "They always run over an azalea") and total strangers feel free to look around.

Like any woman who has just acquired the possession that was her heart's fondest desire, Mrs. Wallace simply cannot bottle up her enthusiasm for her columned house. "I don't believe any figure of the ancient world ever walked down a gallery more inspiring than our back porch," she says. "We feel close to all the great moments of the past." A feeling of continuity with the past was a large part of what John and Frances Wallace had hoped to achieve when they started out to build their classic house. Both their roots are deep in this southern town. They can count back five generations at the local cemetery and tick off 50 relatives who live nearby without even mentioning second cousins. They also wanted a house that would be beautiful for generations to come and a house of grandeur. Now that they have it all, they still can't quite get over the fact.

Every evening they pull their big wicker rockers up to the edge of the columned back porch and watch the sun set behind the Alabama hills. "The house is located just right for the sunset," says Mr. Wallace, an engineer at the Army missile base in nearby Huntsville, "and we never like to miss one."

The view also has its effect on the pace of their entertaining. "When we have company," says Mrs. Wallace, "the maid knows that people facing the view take twice as long to finish dinner."

Feeling as they do that Architect Rudolph has created a work of art, the Wallaces treat their house almost as though it were a monument and they were merely the custodians. They would not consider painting a wall or hanging a picture that did not meet the architect's approval, and their sense of custodianship also has made them put up with all sorts of intrusions. Before the Wallaces moved in eight months ago, so many curious townspeople and others traipsed through that the upstairs flooring had to be replaced.

Though the sweeping design of the house does work some inconveniences, Mrs. Wallace is ever ready with a sweeping defense: "The house has the efficiency of a trailer combined with the grandeur of the Acropolis." Because many of the closets lose space by being tucked behind a curved wall, she has had to use the empty elevator shaft—with a temporary floor built inside the shaft on each level—as utility closets. "This modification was our only addition to the drawings," she says. "We plan to live in this house for the rest of our lives and we just may need that elevator when we get old." When and if it is ever installed, it will enable the Wallaces to rise from the family room directly to their master bedroom. Now, however, unless they choose to use the outside stairway, they can reach the master bedroom only by going up the front stairs which means twice traversing the 72-foot-long house. "But that doesn't bother us—at least not now," says Mr. Wallace. "As we pass through every room we can look out on the porch."

This spacious exterior view, of course, makes the difference in what otherwise would be a rather ordinary interior. Apart from the porch—and the stunning bathrooms that have skylights and rounded walls—the house is mostly a series of average-sized rooms.

It is in the low-ceilinged family room, with its snug fireplace, that the Wallaces are able to escape the feeling of dwelling in marble halls. This room is the center for play and relaxation. Here the Wallaces' 9-year-old son, Stewart, deploys his 5,000 toy soldiers over make-believe battlefields. When the two older children, Peggy and Jac, are home from school in Sewanee, Tenn., for holidays or occasional weekends, the room becomes a teen-age preserve. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace entertain there informally, although it is impossible to keep adult guests off the back porch except in freezing weather.

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'The university has become'

In what may be the largest court test in the history of American jurisprudence, 703 demonstrators arrested during last fall's sit-in at the University of California at Berkeley will be set for trial in Municipal Court this week. The defendants, most of them students, are

charged with trespassing, resisting arrest and unlawful assembly.

The direct cause of the sit-in, which eliminated weeks of demonstrations, was a sudden tightening up of the rules governing recruiting and fund raising for off-campus political and civil rights

courses. University officials soon realized this was on arbitrary and unwise move and modified the regulations. But then the episode had brought into the open an enormous, smoldering frustration on the part of many who feel the very size and impersonality of their uni-

versity is depriving them of a worthwhile education. These dissidents soon organized as the Free Speech Movement and found an eloquent spokesman in 22-year-old philosophy major Mario Savio, a native of New York. His own views—excerpted here from a lengthy

THE ROOTS OF THE PROBLEM

IT'S the thing's turned on its head. Those who should give orders—the faculty and students—take orders, and those who should tend to keeping the sidewalks clean, to seeing that we have enough classrooms—the administrators—give the orders. . . . As [social critic] Paul Goodman says, students are the exploited class in America, subjected to all the techniques of factory methods: tight scheduling, speedups, rules of conduct they're expected to obey with little or no say-so. At Cal you're little more than an IBM card. For efficiency's sake, education is organized along quantifiable lines. One hundred and 20 units make a bachelor's degree. . . . The understanding, interest and care required to have a good undergraduate school are completely alien to the spirit of the system. . . .

The university is a vast public utility which turns out future workers in today's vineyard, the military-industrial complex. They've got to be processed in the most efficient way to see to it that they have the fewest dissenting opinions, that they have just those characteristics which are wholly incompatible with being an intellectual. This is a real internal psychological contradiction. People have to suppress the very questions which reading books raises. *

ON HIMSELF

I AM not a political person. My involvement in the Free Speech Movement is religious and moral. . . . I don't know what made me get up and give that first speech. I only know I had to. What was it Kierkegaard said about free acts? They're the ones that, looking back, you realize you couldn't help doing. *

ON THE ADMINISTRATION

[President] Clark Kerr is the ideologist for a kind of "brave new world" conception of education. He replaces the word "university" with "multiversity." The multiversity serves many publics at once, he says. But Kerr's publics . . . is the corporate establishment of the University, plus a lot of multinational firms, the government, especially the Pentagon. It's no longer a question of a community of students and scholars, of independent,

objective research but rather of contracted research, the results of which are to be used as those who contract for it see fit. . . . Why should the business community . . . dominate the board of regents? The business of the university is teaching and learning. Only people engaged in it—the students and teachers—are competent to decide how it should be done. *

ON BEING AN AMERICAN STUDENT

America may be the most poverty-stricken country in the world. Not materially. But intellectually it is bankrupt. And morally it's poverty-stricken. But in such a way that it's not clear to you that you're poor. It's very hard to know you're poor if you're eating well.

In the Berkeley ghetto—which is, let's say, the campus and the surrounding five or six blocks—you bear certain stigmas. They're not the color of your skin, for the most part, but the fact that you're an intellectual, and perhaps a moral nonconformist. You question the mores and morals and institutions of society seriously; you take serious questions seriously. This creates a feeling of mutualism, of real community. Students are excited about political ideas. They're not yet turned to the apolitical society they're going to enter. But being interested in ideas means you have no use in American society . . . unless they are ideas which are useful to the military-industrial complex. That means there's no connection between what you're doing and the world you're about to enter.

There's a lot of aimlessness in the ghetto, a lot of restlessness. Some people are 40 years old and they're still members. They're student intellectuals who never grew up; they're people who were active in radical politics, let's say, in the Thirties, people who have never connected with the world, have not been able to make it in America. You can see the similarity between this and the Harlem situation. *

ON THE STUDENT PROTESTS

At first we didn't understand what the issues were. But as discussion went on, they became clear. The university wanted to regulate the content of our speech. The issue of the multiversity and the issue of free speech can't be separated. There was



and is a need for the students to express their resentment . . . against having to submit to the administration's arbitrary exercise of power. This is itself connected with the notion of the multiversity as a factory. Factories are run in authoritarian fashion—non-union factories, anyway—and that's the nearest parallel to the university. . . . The same arbitrary attitude was manifest when they suddenly changed the political activities rules.

As for ideology, the Free Speech Movement has always had an ideology of its own. Call it essentially anti-liberal. By that I mean it is anti

An intent and eloquent speaker who rattles off ideas with machine-gun fire, Savio emerged overnight from obscurity to national prominence.

a certain style of politics prevalent in the United States—politics by compromise—which succeeds if you don't state any issues. You don't state issues, so you can't be attacked from any side. You learn how to say platitudinous things without committing yourself, in the hope that somehow, that way, you won't disturb the great American consensus and somehow people will be persuaded to do things that aren't half bad. You just sort of

STUDENTS NOW FACING TRIAL

a factory'

interview with LIFE's correspondent in San Francisco, Jack Flincher—cut to the heart of a system he sees as "totally dehumanized, totally impersonalized, created by a society which is wholly acquisitive." Savio's rebellion is not so much political as against schools—and

a society—where everything seems to be geared to "performance and award, prize and punishment—never to study for itself." Because Savio's outlook is shared by so many, its significance goes far beyond the court trial he and his contemporaries will face this week.

muddle through. By contrast our ideology is issue-oriented. We thought the administration was doing bad things and we said so. Some people on the faculty repeatedly told us we couldn't say or do things too provocative or we'd turn people off—alienate the faculty. Yet, with every provocative thing we did, more faculty members came to our aid. And when the apocalypse came, over 800 of them were with us. *

ON THE TEACHING SITUATION

* They should supply us with more teachers and give them conditions under which they could teach—so they wouldn't have to be producing nonsensical publications for journals, things that should never have been written and won't be read. We have some magnificent names, all those Nobel Prize winners. Maybe a couple of times during the undergraduate years you see them 100 feet away at the front of a lecture hall in which 500 people are sitting. If you look carefully, if you bring along your opera glasses, you can see that famous profile, that great fellow. Well, yes, he gives you something that is uniquely his, but it's difficult to ask questions. It's got to be a dialogue, getting an education.

The primary concern of most of the teaching assistants is getting their doctorates. They're constantly involved in their own research, working their way into so narrow a corner of their own specialty that they haven't the breadth of experience or time to do an adequate job of teaching. Furthermore, what they've got to do, really, is explain what the master told you, so you can prepare to take his tests. When teaching assistants deviate from the lesson plans to bring in new material, this enriches their students; but sometimes another result is to make it more difficult for those students to do well on the exams. *

ON CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

* If you accept that societies can be run by rules as I do, then you necessarily accept as a consequence that you can't disobey the rules every time you disapprove. That would be saying that the rules are valid only when they coincide with your conscience, which is to insist that only your conscience has any validity in the matter. However, when you're consider-

ing something that constitutes an extreme abridgment of your rights, conscience is the court of last resort. Then you've got to decide whether this is one of the things which, although you disagree, you can live with. Only you can decide: it's openly a personal decision. Hopefully, in a good society this kind of decision wouldn't have to be made very often, if at all. But we don't have a good society. We have a very bad society. We have a society which has many social evils, not the least of which is the fantastic presumption in a lot of people's minds that naturally decisions which are in accord with the rules must be right—an assumption which is not founded on any legitimate philosophical principle. In our society, precisely because of the great distortions and injustices which exist, I would hope that civil disobedience becomes more prevalent than it is.

Unjustified civil disobedience you must oppose. But if there's a lot of civil disobedience occurring, you better make sure it's not justified. *

ON THE TRIAL

* They can only try us in several ways—a mass trial, a group trial, individual trials, or some combination. None of these four ways can give us due process. Even individual trials would be held before different judges and juries. In earlier civil rights cases here, we've had different verdicts handed down for the same offense.

Some people say, "Okay, they've been crying for their political acts to be judged only by competent authorities—the courts, not the university; so now they get what they want and they aren't happy." That isn't the point. We're not complaining about being treated fairly by the courts. We're complaining precisely because we're *not* going to be treated fairly, because we're *not* going to get due process. I didn't commit myself to accept whatever the state might do to me, you know, and I'm not going to accept anything which doesn't guarantee me my constitutional rights through fair trial. I think it's a scandal that an action which can be argued legitimately as an exercise of constitutional rights may be punished so severely that people who have taken part in it—and others to whom it has been an example—may be thereafter dissuaded from exercising their constitutional rights. *

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The American Medical Association



ELEPHANTINE ALLEY-OOP

Nobody had better try kicking sand in *this* kid's face at the beach—not if she can toss a full-grown cow elephant trunk-over-teacups with nothing but a flick of her 4-year-old wrist. Marina's secret is not deceptively gentle judo nor even killer karate. It just happens that she is the daughter of Frankordi, bareback star of England's

Bertram Mills Circus, and has been skylarking with elephants longer than most girls her age have played with dollsies. Thus when a photographer showed up at the circus's winter quarters in Ascot to take some pictures of pachyderm gymnastics, Marina skipped out and gave her wrinkled friend Sheila an encouraging "alley-oop!"



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